

DE LOREAN: WAS HE FRAMED?

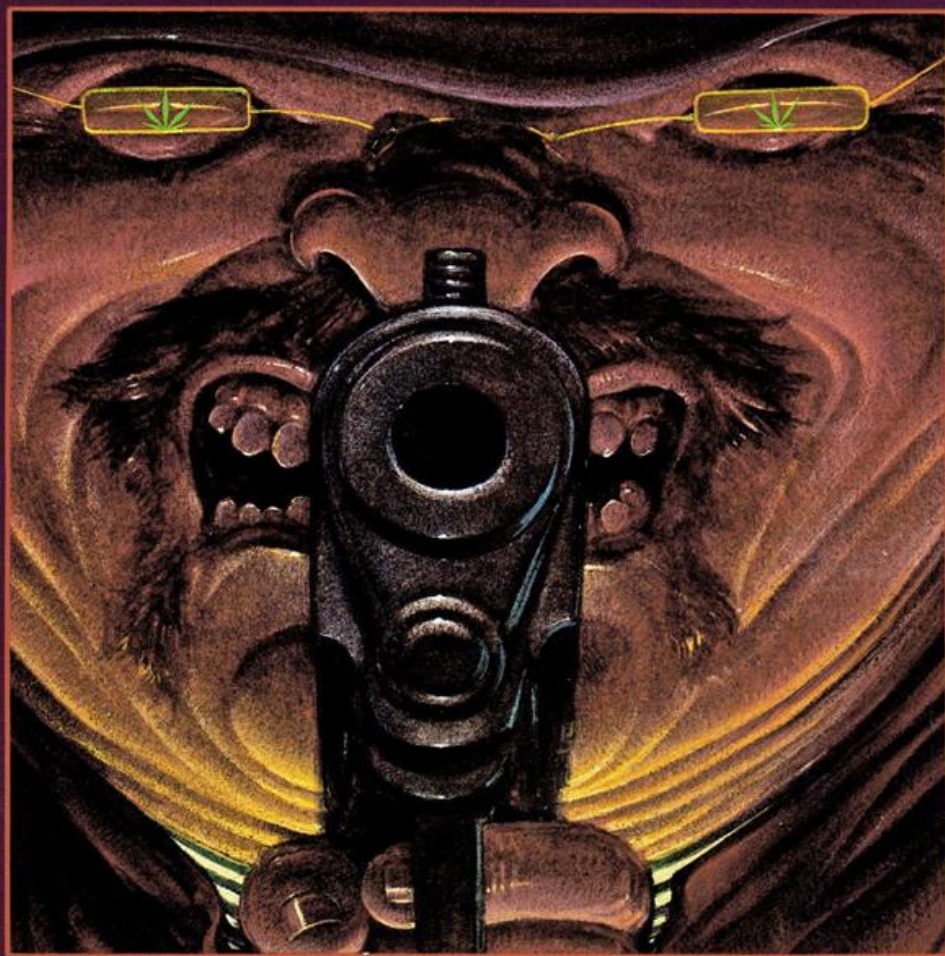
HIGH TIMES

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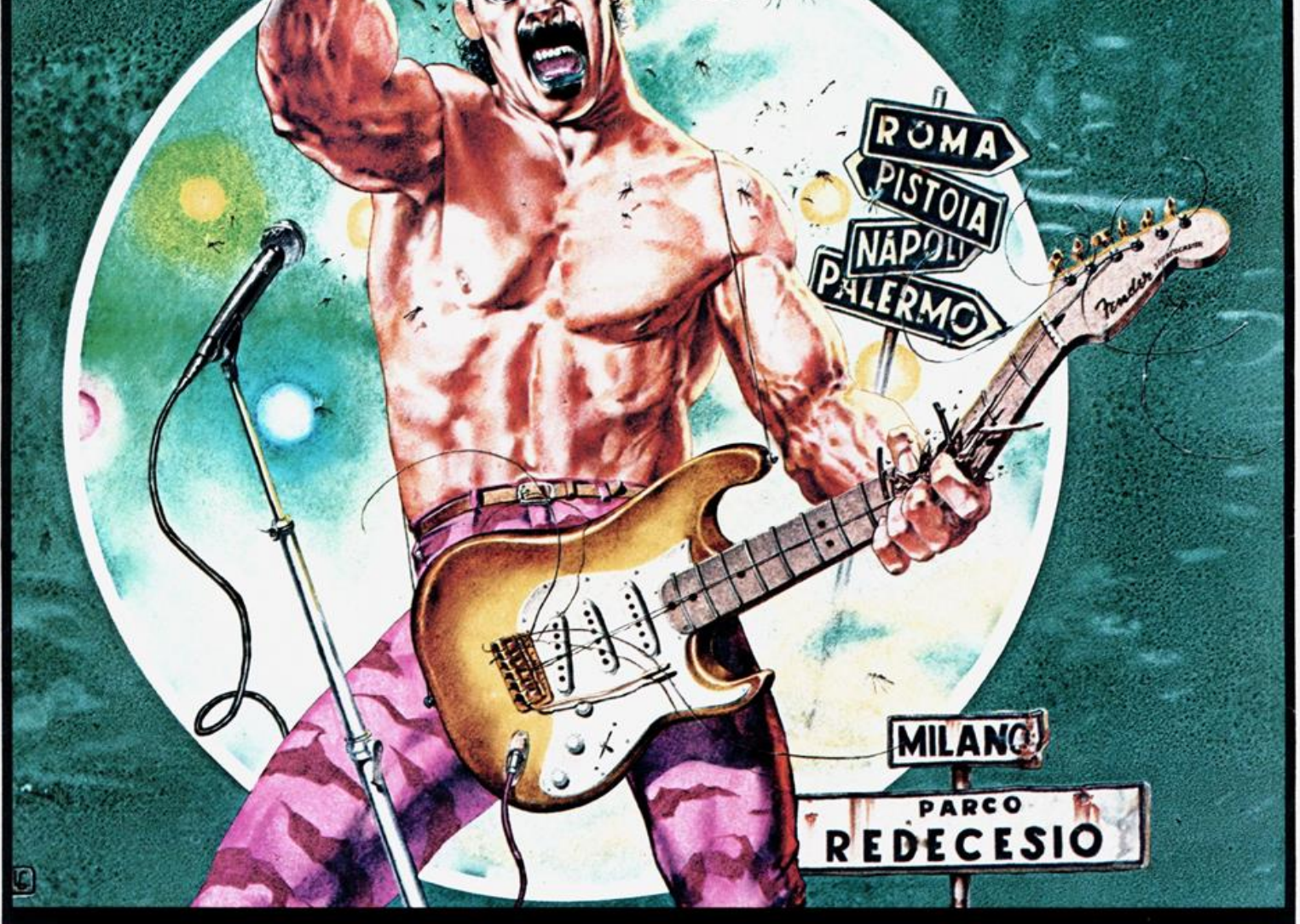
THE ROAD TO ALBEMARLE



A Dope Thriller by Dean Latimer

**REAGAN FILM FESTIVAL
ZAPPA INTERVIEWS GROUPIES
S. CLAY WILSON PORTFOLIO
A FREEBASE DEMONOLOGY**

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HIGH TIMES

No. 90 February '83

FEATURES

COVER • BILL MAYER

Interview: Groupies as People by Frank Zappa

He's had weasels rip his flesh, and hungry freaks steal his cheese. No mistake about it—Frank Zappa's been around the turntable more than a couple of times. Still, the interview he did with a gaggle of his ex-groupies unnerved him so, that it was 13 years before he could bring himself to publish it. Thirteen years... let's see, that's just about how old "Jenell" was when she began *raging* and *rubbing* away with Frank and the rest of the boys in the band

Blood and Guts in High School: Chapter Two: The Scorpions

by Kathy Acker

Janey says that even though all of her abortions have made it dangerous to have sex, she still doesn't care; and that the only reason she began running with the Scorpions in the first place, was because daddy stopped loving her. Janey says these things and then goes uptown with Monkey, Johnny and his girlfriend to shoplift at Bloomingdale's, and walks out wearing a leopard-skin coat

Besitos: A Freebase Demonology by Mary Wagner

Besitos means "little kisses" in Spanish. You know, the kind that a plump *mamacita* might give to her *niño*, or a *muchacha* give to her pet dog. In this case, though, *besitos* stands for the little kisses of mini-death that come from the lips of a freebase pipe. The kind that fix themselves to your brain and soul and suck you dry

Book Bonus:

Thin Ice by Larry Sloman

HIGH TIMES takes you behind the scenes of America's fastest-growing sport. In other words, *Thin Ice* does for hockey what *Ball Four* did for baseball—tears away the veil of mom and apple pie, and presents you with a bunch of wealthy and highly talented young men who occasionally like to shave each other's pubes, drink beer and have a good time, just like the rest of us

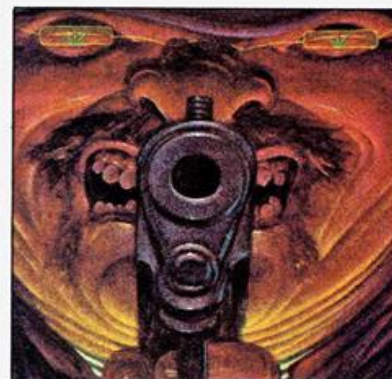
HIGHWITNESS NEWS

John De Lorean: Pusher or Patsy? . . . DEA's "Thai-Stick Sting" Nets Seven . . . Cops Plant Money, Nab Finders in Narc-Style Airport Trap . . . Visitors to U.K. Learn of 10-Gram Weed Limit . . . Chief Does Time for Coke as Wife and Lover Pine . . . plus Special Science Supplement

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38 The Road to Albemarle Dope Fiction by Dean Latimer

Wealthy, widowed and one of Atlanta's leading citizens, Elinor Henderson wasn't exactly the type of person you'd think would have much need for a mess of AK 47s and a half-dozen husky off-loaders. But in the shadowy world of mota-moving, things are seldom what they seem. Just ask DEA Special Agent David Zignatowski. First of a two-part smuggling adventure from the HIGH TIMES Executive Almighty Editor.



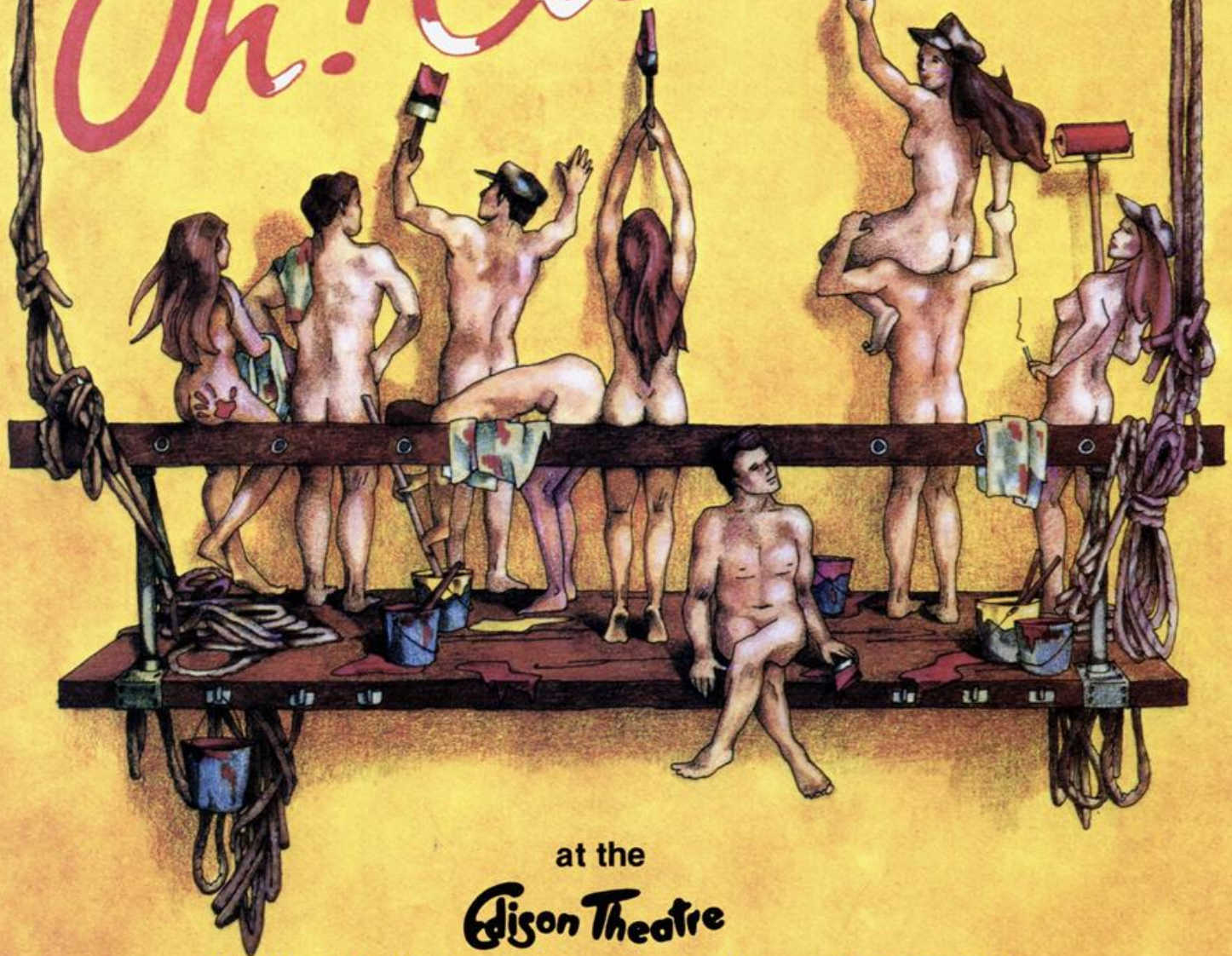
**44 S. Clay Wilson:
A Portfolio**
Fresh from his one-man show at one of New York's leading art galleries, the notorious cartoonist exhibits some of his latest works, and speaks to fellow cartoonist Joe Schenkman of bikes, booze, blues and dreams that go bump in the night.

**49 Centerfold:
This Year's Model**
Never before has a more tantalizing series of lines been displayed on the pages of HIGH TIMES. Produced exclusively for the aficionado, this month's centerfold is light-years removed from the assembly-line product most of us have grown accustomed to. So sit back, relax and pretend that you had \$19,000 to lay out for the thrill of a lifetime.

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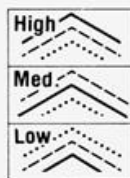
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45 days from seed germination to photo below



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CBN

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IT MOVES. . .

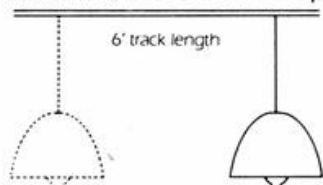
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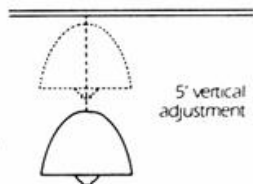
6' track length

Together, the Solar Shuttle and DayStar lamp simulate the path the sun takes and promote the growth of lower leaves. The Solar Shuttle moves the lamp

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The lamp moves steadily through its cycle on a non-corrosive glide, providing light equal to that of three stationary lamps and reducing the heat so that plants can be grown closer to the lamp. Yet the 1/250 hp motor plugs into a standard 110 volt outlet and uses only a nominal amount of electricity.

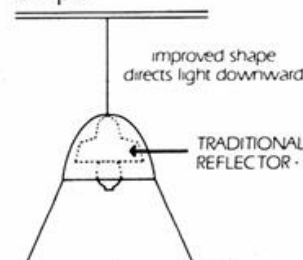
Optimum area coverage is 72 square feet, and all



5' vertical adjustment

parts are guaranteed for a full year. The 6-foot Solar Shuttle with 5-foot hanging chain can be adapted for use with an existing remote ballast fixture.

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improved shape directs light downward

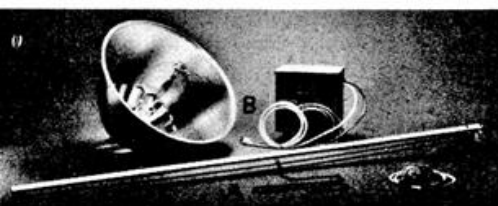
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Black and White Together

Editor:

Hey, white dudes! Do you realize the fact that in the lead Highwitness News story, "NFL Cracks Down on Cocaine," you used pictures of brothers *only*. What about all them white motherfuckers gettin' high an' shit? They bein' cracked down on too.

—Arthur Robinson
Los Angeles, Calif.

Bravo Devo

Editor:

This is just to let you know that I enjoyed your November interview with Devo very much. Believe it or not, I have all their albums. Sometimes before I eat dinner I put on a Devo-style bathrobe, make a cardboard hat for my head and sing along with the records. Whenever I start doing this, my dog Jip begins barking and nipping at my legs. It's like we have an act.

—William Oberfeldt
Kingston, Pa.

"R."ebuttal

Editor:

I feel compelled to respond to "The First (and Last) Word on Cocaine," by your famous writer "R." in the October issue. In general, the article was as pitiful as the pile of coke used to illustrate it with. If "R." is snorting that kind of crap he has a right to be angry. The coke that you showed was what we call "hockey puck," a re-compressed rock of various poisons and a smattering of the real thing here and there. Now "R." may know a lot about pot, but I really think he missed the boat on his thumbs-down vote. I must report that the wonderful, peaceful and lusty blow which he so fondly remembers is still to be had in these United States. Around here, we can get his "glow coke" any day of the week—only we call it MOFP (Mother of Fuckin' Pearl).

—"J"
Somewhere in Central Jersey

Loves Levy

Editor:

William Levy's "O Amsterdam" piece in your October issue was marvelous. It brought back a tidal wave of my own memories from trips I'd taken to that crazy little town. Come to think of it, why not run more stuff on the whole European thing?

—Danny Boylan
Las Vegas, Nev.



Glad you enjoyed Bill Levy's tour of that swinging city by the Hanseatic Sea, Danny. You'll be pleased to know that we've just sent the Natural Jewboy on a fact-finding tour of the Continent in order to gather information for a piece on the European radical youth movement. Ciao.—Ed.

Dope Law

Editor:

As an attorney who handles on average over 100 "drug" cases a year, I would like to point out a short-coming in your October feature, "How to Choose a Drug Lawyer," that could be nothing short of disastrous for many of your readers. Namely, the article is geared to about 2 percent of the drug- or chemical related arrests in the country. You failed to deal with the problem that confronts the average drug user, namely, a first offender who is arrested for possession, or a small sale by an individual who thought he was only sharing some dope with friends.

If you are involved in a case like this, it is often counterproductive to have an aggressive lawyer filing Motions to Suppress, asking for jury trials and the like, when very possibly all that needs to be done is a quick plea bargain with the prosecutor and judge, wherein the defendant presents to the court that he won't get into trouble again, in exchange for a brief period of probation, and, depending on the jurisdiction, possibly no criminal record. Most prosecutors and courts (judges) are willing to go along with this kind of an arrangement,

assuming the defendant's attorney has not made himself a pain-in-the-ass, thereby antagonizing the entire system toward the defendant. I have seen many poor schmucks get crucified when they could have possibly gotten a suspended sentence, or a sentence of cleaning up the parks for eight hours, if only their attorney had kept his big mouth shut or had not previously developed an adversary-type relationship with the court system.

—Timothy R. Higgins
St. Louis, Mo.

The writer replies: *The consensus of the lawyers I interviewed was as follows:*

1) It is a widespread myth that vigorous defense of a client is likely to provoke real intransigence from prosecutors or retaliatory sentences from judges; 2) Far too many defense lawyers cozy up to prosecutors and stick their clients with unnecessary convictions, longer sentences than they should have to accept and less rights than the Constitution guarantees; and 3) Energetic defense work almost invariably strengthens rather than weakens their power vis-à-vis prosecutors and judges.

Also, HIGH TIMES gets letters every week from drug defendants disgruntled over their legal defense. Almost invariably, the complaint is that their lawyer charged a high fee, and then cut a weak-kneed deal with his pal, the assistant district attorney. Almost never do we hear of an overzealous advocate who screwed his client by making too much noise on his behalf.

—Bob LaBrasca

Tradition!

Editor:

I have been in attendance at two different colleges in as many years, and during that time I have partied just as hardy as any forerunner of the Woodstock Generation. [See Jon Pelzer's "No More Pencils, No More Books" in your September issue.] Many wasted nights were spent beside a trash can full of a powerful grain-alcohol punch. Not a morning went by without the loading of bong and the blasting of Hendrix. My first day at school was spent on a 16-hour acid trip with three friends, and every Sunday meant a case of Molson Ale and football. The party did not end when I arrived at college; rather, it was the beginning of a four-year waste that would make any veteran of the '60s campus life proud.

—Name withheld
Middle Tennessee State University

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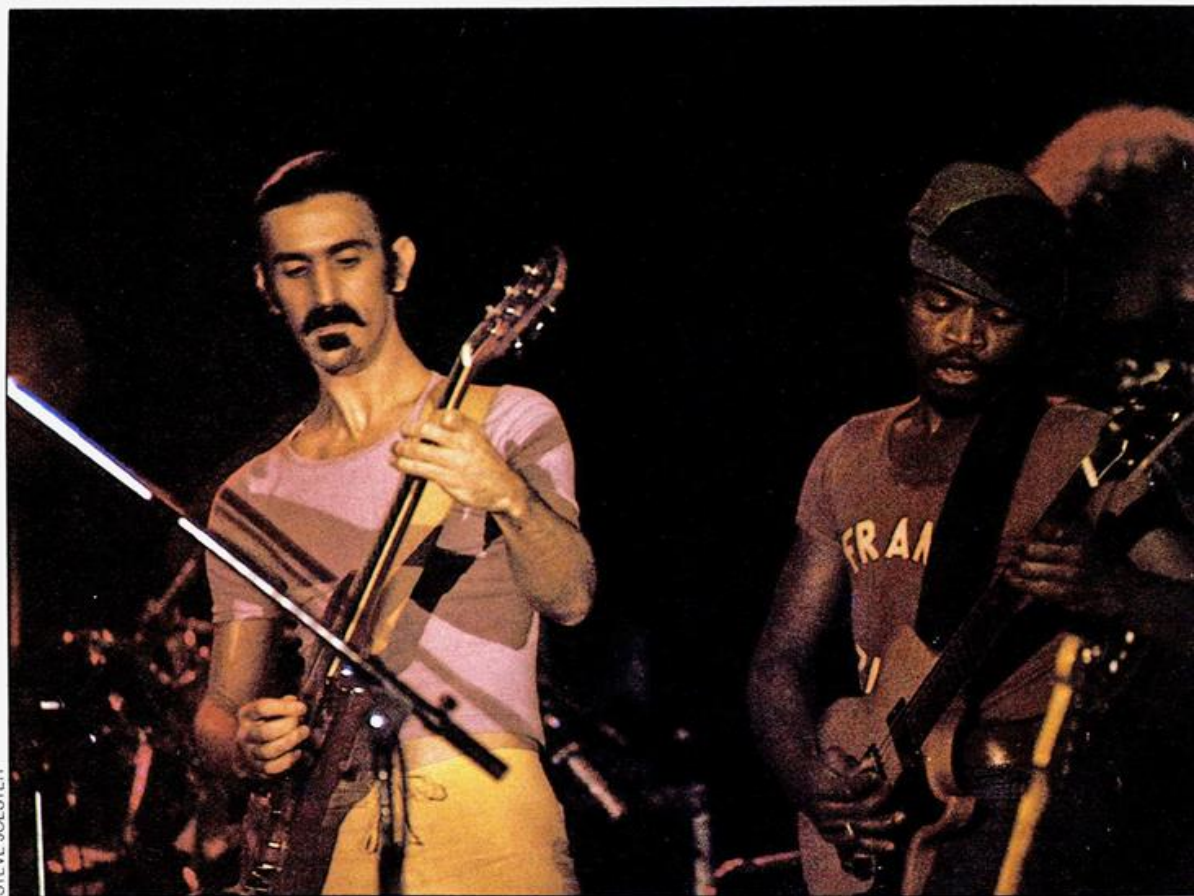
ROCK SHOTS/ROBERTO RABANNE

Edie Over Easy

It's her party and she'll cry, sulk, wear funny hats and too much makeup—even shave her armpits if she wants to. That's right folks, it's the one and only Edith Massey (most of you will remember her as the Egg Lady from the movie *Pink Flamingos*), whose observations and cogitations we ran as a sidebar to last month's interview with Edie's mentor, filmmaker John Waters. Well, Edie's in business for herself nowadays. She's put out—yeech!—she's marketed (that's better) a complete line of holiday greeting cards and has released a hot new single entitled, what else, “Big Girls Don't Cry.” Here's lookin' at all of you, kid.

Ruben and the Slits

Frank Zappa, who rides herd on a bunch of his favorite groupies this month, has recently been spending a good deal of his time working with video. His two latest works, *The Dub Room Special* and *Baby Snakes*, will be making rounds at rock clubs across the country in early '83. The new year will also mark the premiere of Frank's “Instrumental Music for Orchestra,” which will be performed by the Syracuse Symphony on January 30 at Lincoln Center in New York City.



STEVE JOESTER

Android Arrives

The big screen sizzles with techno-genital friction when Max 404, a 21st-century robot, falls for Maggie, an escaped human space convict in the hot new sci-fi flick, *Android*. Scheduled for release in early 1983, *Android* was coproduced by legendary B-film auteur Roger Corman, whose credits include *Attack of the Crab Monsters*, *War of the Satellites* and *Bucket of Blood* (just to name a few). Right: Max has just been programmed with an assassin's circuit by Dr. Daniel (Klaus Kinski), and is crashing through an elevator door in outer space looking for criminals; below: Cassandra (Kendra Kirchner) the robot with the faraway eyes, gives the cold shoulder to the mad doctor.



M.J. ELLIOT



M.J. ELLIOT

Coming Soon: "The Hog,"



AL CLAYTON

by Charles Bukowski

Catullus's Classical Corner

To celebrate the perversity of love on this and every Valentine's Day, a poem by Catullus.

*My Lesbia, you've brought my heart to this,
damned by your guilt and its own devotion;
respect is gone, should you become a saint;
be sin itself, my love won't die.*

Catullus (84-54 B.C.) was perhaps the world's greatest lyric poet. For the last 10 years of his life he was obsessively in love with a wealthy aristocratic nymphomaniac who broke his heart and balls with her late-night sexcapades in the back alleys of Rome. This is one of the many poems he wrote for her.

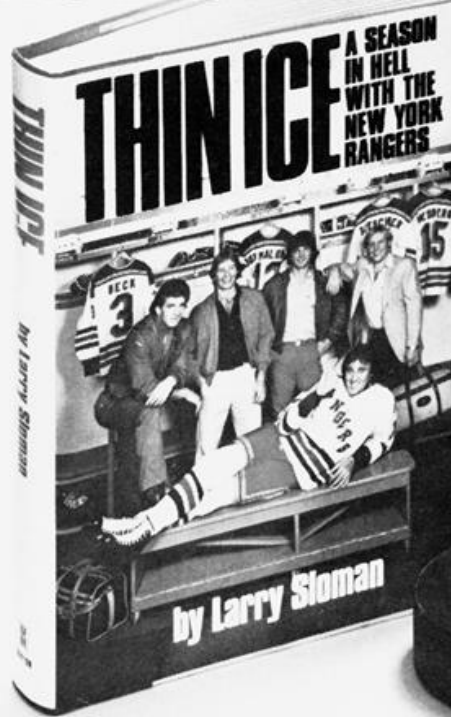


Acker Attack

Kathy Acker, whose soon-to-be-published novel *Blood and Guts in High School* we've excerpted this month for your reading pleasure, is the author of five books, among them *I Dreamt I Was a Nymphomaniac!*, *Imagining*, *The Adult Life of Toulouse-Lautrec* and *Great Expectations*.

Born and raised in New York City, Acker's work has been internationally acclaimed for its raw power and semiotic wit.

Already hailed as The Bronx Zoo of ice hockey...



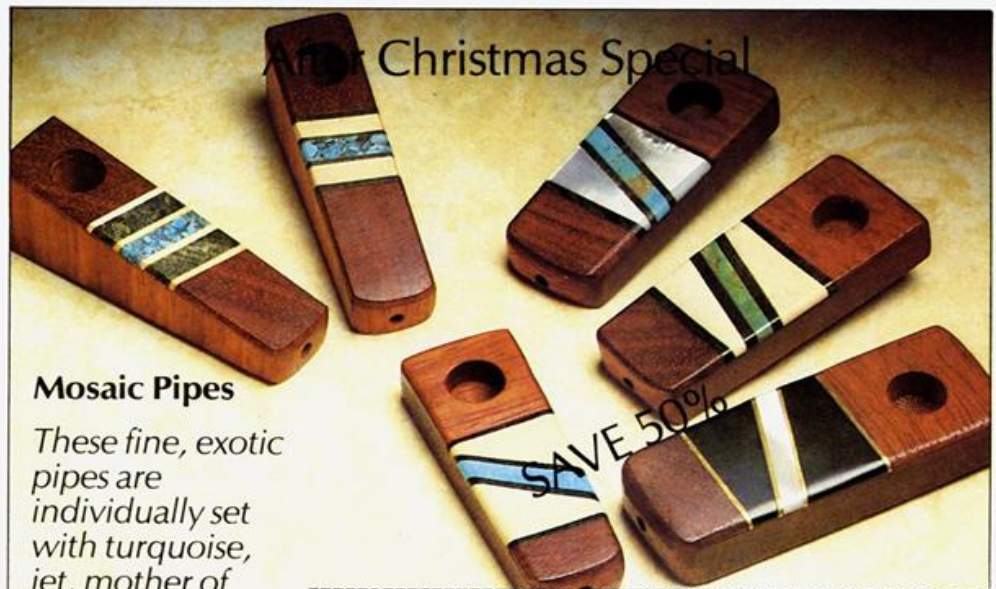
In the spring of 1979 the Rangers astounded the hockey world by reaching the Stanley Cup finals. The following year, Larry Sloman, hockey fanatic and journalist, shared and chronicled their lives — on the ice and on the loose. His exciting, unsettling, controversial book captures the violence, insecurity, sexual promiscuity, fear and occasional satisfaction experienced by fine young athletes skating on the thin ice of the short lives of heroes. "Sloman has performed valiantly in the service of America's most disreputable sport."

—Bruce Jay Friedman



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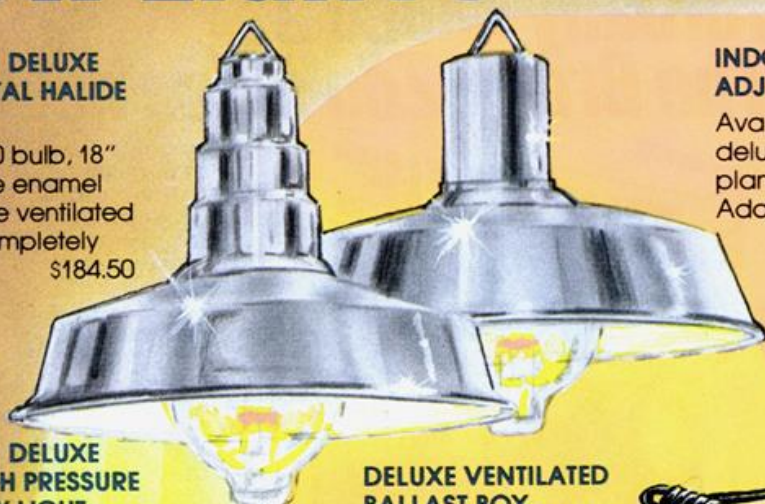
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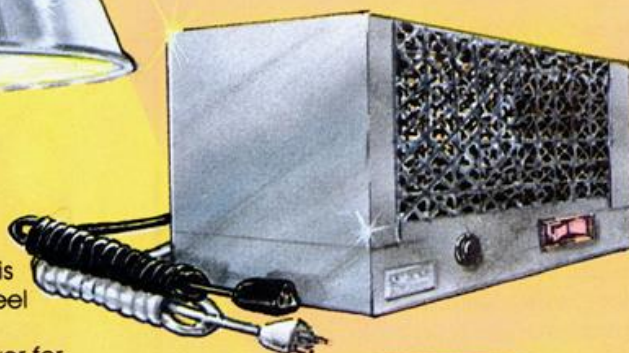
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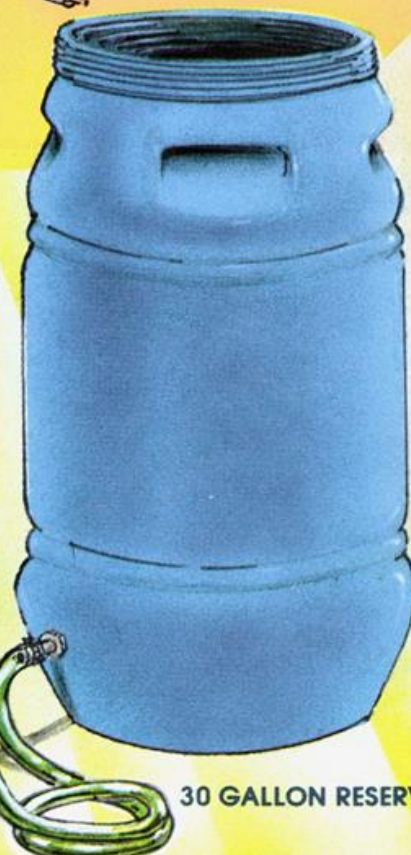
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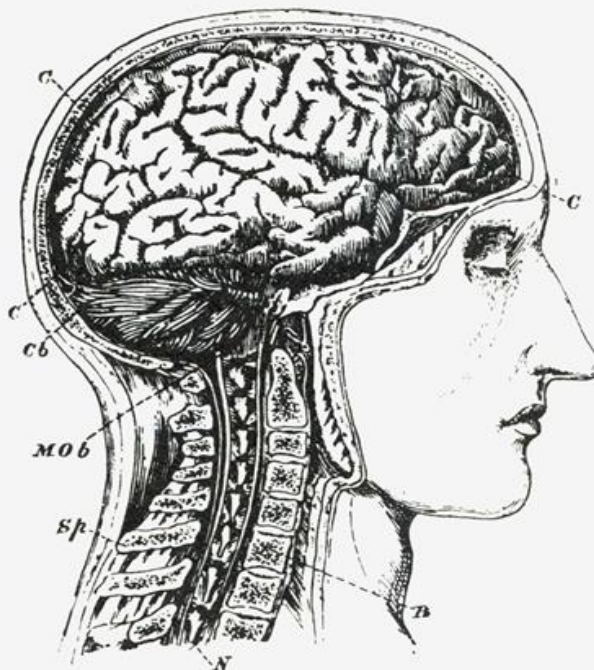
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FLASHES



by Dennis Ackland

High Times Brainteaser #1

After my first day in business as a full-fledged dope-dealing supermarket, I was kicked back in my condo counting up the day's receipts of \$1,600 when there came a knock on my door. Well, I said to myself, this dope business is *allll* right—but, when I opened the door, all I could see were suits and the barrel of a .38 sticking right up my nose. One of these guys—Bensinger, I think he said his name was—handed me a search warrant to look for "controlled substances."

Apparently, one of my five customers that day was a narc.

As I sit here in the slammer, there are only a few details I remember of which I'm sure—maybe my memory was affected by the various samples I had enjoyed with my patrons on that fateful day.

The details that I can piece together are:

1. Each customer bought and used only one kind of "controlled substance."
2. Each deal was paid for, using only \$100 bills, and no one paid the same amount.
3. The narc never told me the truth, while all the others were completely honest.

4. The hashish buyer said he was a bartender.
5. Bill paid one-third the amount for his stash than the cocaine buyer.
6. I sold \$300 worth of Quaaludes.
7. The van driver told me he was unemployed.
8. The real estate broker bought the 'ludes.
9. The Seville owner paid me \$100 more than the hash freak—but \$100 less than the van driver.
10. The guy driving the '52 Buick said Dale was a grocery clerk.
11. Dale drove a four-wheel-drive pickup.
12. The sinsemilla connoisseur said Bill was a bartender.
13. LSD was my lowest \$ sale of the day.
14. Carl spent less on his score than did Al, but more than Elmer.
15. The LSD head drove away in an Eldorado.

See if you can help me determine who the narc was, what vehicle each customer drove, where they worked and what the \$ amount was of each drug they bought. If you can't analyze the situation while you are straight—try it stoned. Should you still fail to find the narc, maybe you could send me a few bucks to help raise my bail.

continued

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FLASHES

The Emit and More

I'm facing a disciplinary court-martial in the USMC because of the EMIT urine test [see "The Golden Swindle," **HIGH TIMES**, Nov. 1982]. I could lose a stripe, or get fined, or even get discharged. My advocate read your piece on the EMIT, and how it wouldn't hold up in a civilian court, but he says it doesn't make any difference, because my EMIT positive was "confirmed" by another method. What do you do in that case?

—Sgt. Boo,

Camp LeJeune, N.C.

In that case, you find out what the other method was. And then you show your court-martial advocate how that method would never hold up in a civilian court either. No marijuana urine test of any kind would ever hold up in a civilian court, and there's a good reason for that.

Solution to "Dope Dealer's Dilemma"

1. We know that each of the 5 customers bought only one kind of "controlled substance," and that each paid a different amount, using only \$100 bills. (Clues 1 and 2)
2. We also know that \$300 worth of Quaaludes was purchased. (Clue 6)
3. Therefore, the coke buyer paid \$600 and Bill paid \$200. (Clue 5)
This is based on the only remaining combination of \$100 bills totaling \$1,600, with three of the transactions being consecutive \$100 amounts. (Clue 9) It follows then, the cash transactions were: \$600, \$400, \$300, \$200 and \$100, totaling \$1,600.
4. Clues 5, 6, 9 and 13 tell us that the transactions were \$600 worth of cocaine, \$300 worth of Quaaludes, \$200 worth of hashish, \$100 worth of LSD and, by elimination, \$400 worth of sinsemilla.
5. If the LSD buyer drove an Eldorado (Clue 15), we know that Dave, the four-wheel-drive driver, must have bought the coke. This is because from Clue 5 we can

Name	\$ Amt.	Drug
Dave	\$600	Cocaine
Al	\$400	Sinsemilla
Carl	\$300	Quaaludes
Bill	\$200	Hashish
Elmer	\$100	LSD

Now, the Department of Defense says it uses two alternative urine assays with the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay. This makes them sound very fair, even generous. But it's all horseshit, and they know it perfectly well.

One method, the "Roche Abusescreen THC" from Roche Laboratories, is a "radioimmune assay," which makes it sound pretty formidable. But an RIA is just the same stupid, unreliable process as the EMIT test, except that some of the chemicals are radioactive. "Confirming" an EMIT result with an Abusescreen test is just running the same test twice, essentially, and that's not "confirming" anything. Moreover, the Abusescreen is actually even less reliable than the EMIT, because every one of its specimens has to be gazed at by the test operator, who decides whether it's "positive" or

continued on page 16

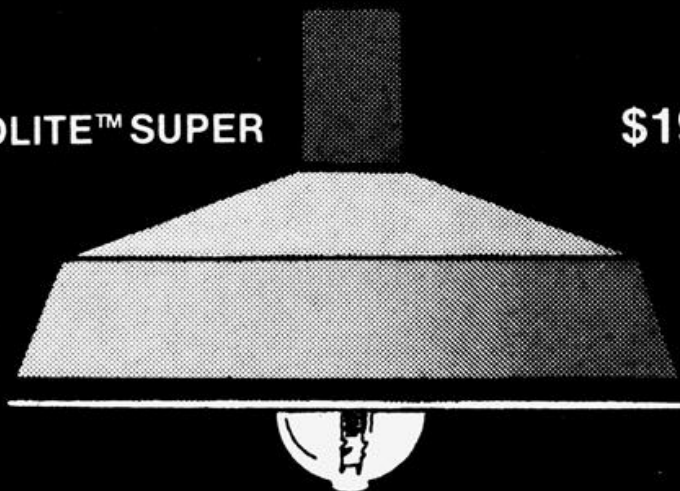
determine that Bill is the hash smoker, and from Clue 9 we find that the Seville driver pops 'ludes while the van driver smokes the sinsemilla.

6. Knowing what both Dale and Bill spent, plus the fact that Carl spent less than Al but more than Elmer (Clue 14), we know that Carl spent \$300 on Quaaludes, Al spent \$400 on the sinse and Elmer spent \$100 on LSD.
7. We know that one of my customers was a narc and that he never told the truth (Clue 3). Therefore, any statement by anyone other than Carl (deduced from Clue 8) may or may not be true. But if we look at Clues 4 and 12, we know that both cannot be liars, so Bill the hash smoker must be the bartender.
8. It follows then, that the driver of the '52 Buick (Bill by elimination), is telling the truth when he says Dale is a grocery clerk (Clue 10).
9. Also, because Clue 12 is true, Al the van driver is telling the truth (Clue 8) when he says he is unemployed.
10. Therefore, Elmer is the narc.

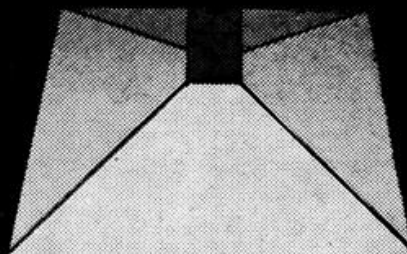
Vehicle	Occupation
4WD	Grocery Clerk
Van	Unemployed
Seville	Real Estate Broker
'52 Buick	Bartender
Eldorado	Narc

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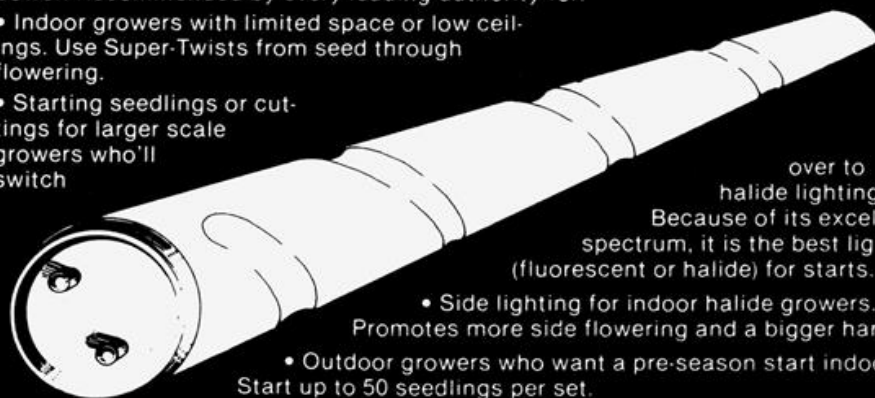
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"negative" by the color of the end result. Supposedly, though, the DOD confirms each EMIT and Abusescreen positive sample by a super-duper, high-tech process called "gas-liquid chromatography with mass spectrometry." That's what the Pentagon tells HIGH TIMES. If it's true, then the taxpayer is being robbed blind, because every GLC/MS test has to cost \$150 at least—and still can't tell how long before the sample was donated that inhalation of marijuana smoke occurred, and can't tell whether the inhalation of smoke was a conscious, premeditated act, or only the result of passive contamination by someone else's "side stream" smoke. And that's a special problem with GLC/MS, because if you have just accidentally breathed someone else's pot smoke, days before the test is taken, a GLC/MS is sure to show positive on your urine.

Your advocate is liable to give up all hope when he or she hears that GLC/MS is involved, because it is used in court all the time to prove that evidence marijuana really is marijuana, and not oregano or something. But it could never be used in court as proof that someone has smoked marijuana, on the basis of a urine screen, because everybody's body processes marijuana differently, from person to person, and even from day to day.

The prosecution should be challenged to come up with any scientific literature stating that the presence of THC in urine, at any concentration at all, can prove past intoxication by marijuana, or even willful and voluntary use of marijuana. Beyond the EMIT merchandiser's own claims—which are not scientific, because these people have a vested interest in peddling this test to the DOD—there is no scientific literature to this effect. None. The particular scientists who have done all the essential work in this area are right in your neck of the woods: Drs. Monroe Wall and Mario Perez-Reyes, of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

So none of these urine tests the DOD uses—the EMIT, the Abusescreen or even GLC/MS—could ever be used in a civilian court of law, under any rules of evidence, against a marijuana defendant (without the defendant's prior consent). And they certainly shouldn't go unchallenged in the military, either, because that might someday be cited as a precedent for changing civilian rules of evidence, so that these idiot tests can be used on all of us. So do us a favor, sarge, and get your advocate on the stick, huh? Remind him that we pay his salary.—Ed.

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FEB. '83

No. 90



John De Lorean meets the press outside the federal court house in Los Angeles after posting bail.

JOHN DE LOREAN: PUSHER OR PATSY?

by Julio Restrepo

LOS ANGELES

JOHN DE LOREAN TOOK THE FALL THE HARD WAY: on television.

By now you know the basic story—at least the public one as embellished by the mass media and Los Angeles federal prosecutor Jim Walsh and company: Once the almost-president of General Motors, John Zachary De Lorean had given up the pinstriped world of corporate Detroit to chase his own dreams. One of them was to mass-produce a sleek little silver car that would carry his name. He

promoted the venture with such *élan* that the British government kicked in \$156 million to build a plant in Northern Ireland, and the assembly line was off and running. But as the recession hit his intended American market and sales lagged, De Lorean ignored cautious warnings from his advisers and increased production; the cars languished on asphalt storage lots in New Jersey and California. He was forced to shut down the Belfast plant, and De Lorean's dream car seemed destined /cont.

/continued from page 19

to take its place beside Howard Hughes's Spruce Goose.

But John Z. was desperately tenacious; he had a last-ditch scheme, federal authorities say, to invest \$1.8 million in the cocaine market through third parties who would supply the coke and take care of peddling it. All De Lorean would have to do would be to sit quietly and let the profits roll in. The silver-haired entrepreneur was expecting, the feds say, a return of about \$50 million, in exchange for which he would turn over half his stock in the De Lorean Motor Company (DMC)—or all of it, depending on which police leak you are credulous enough to swallow—to a co-conspirator who was putting up \$3 million and distributing the blow. By this time the stock would be worth something, presumably, because John Z. would have plowed his drug profits back into the company.

To support this version of the events leading up to De Lorean's arrest, the Justice Department has promised to produce videotapes of planning meetings, held in hotels in Washington, D.C., and Los Angeles, wherein the ill-fated drug venture was arranged. In addition, say the federal prosecutors, they will present a climactic videotape record of De Lorean standing in Room 501 of the Sheraton Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles after the deal had been consummated, fondling a kilo packet of cocaine and chortling. "It's as good as gold and just in the nick of time."

The case sounds open and shut, what with all the video coverage and federal agents and a government-owned-and-operated informant at old John's elbow through every phase of the deal. But the prosecutorial scenario, so readily parroted by scandal-hungry news media, contains some glaringly unbelievable elements:

The Deal

First, they say De Lorean was expecting a \$50-million return on a \$1.8-million investment. Now, as any informed observer of the drug trade knows, only the best-connected traffickers—those who have prime contacts in source countries, and who



William Morgan Hetrick

actually take the risks of smuggling it in—are able to reap twice what they invest. Otherwise, the profit margin is closer to 60 percent. But De Lorean, the feds claim, was actually expecting to make more than 27 times his outlay on this little scam. If De Lorean truly believed he stood to make that much money, his attorneys should have no trouble establishing in court that he was totally inexperienced in drug commerce.

The deal in question was for 100 kilograms of cocaine, and there's only one way to make \$50 million on 100 kilos of coke: First you buy 400 kilos of mannitol, or some other reliable cut, and mix it up with the blow. Then you have to make 500,000 individual gram deals (at \$100 a gram), and you have to hustle every gram yourself if you want to keep all the profits. If John De Lorean, wizard of the auto business, was planning to do that, his lawyers should be preparing an insanity defense.

Even assuming that the deal could turn a \$50-million

profit, it's difficult to fathom how De Lorean figured to get all of it himself. The purchase price for the hundred ki's was actually \$5 million. The other \$3.2 million, beyond De Lorean's share, was being put up by a "Mr. Vicenza" (actually Drug Enforcement Administration agent John Valestra), who had also promised to distribute the load. Initial government statements on this complicated transaction explained that Vicenza was to have received 50 percent of De Lorean's stock in the De Lorean Motor Company after the profits rolled in. Later, the story was revised to say that De Lorean was actually turning over 100 percent of the stock—even though he had no legal right to transfer it.

But, by this time, U.S. attorney Walsh had already told the court and the press that De Lorean's sole motive for entering the dope business was to save his faltering car company: "His car is in his judgment as important, in fact more important, than the impact the cocaine... would have on the people

who use it." In this scenario, however, the feds have John De Lorean making \$50 million on a dope deal and plowing it all back into his auto plant, then giving the company—lock, stock and barrel—to Mr. Vicenza, whom he knew only as a big-time coke mover. And John De Lorean is left with nothing: no coke, no money, no De Lorean Motor Company.

It all sounds thoroughly improbable, and it is likely that the prosecutors will iron out much of the clumsiness and inconsistency of their account by the time the case gets to trial. But even if they manage to accomplish that, John De Lorean stands an excellent chance of gaining acquittal with an entrapment defense. If you've been reading the papers, you know that De Lorean could not have been involved at any level of this alleged drug operation without the aid and connivance of the government. He is, in fact, one of the few participants in the indictable offenses who was not a government operative.

The Cast of Characters

There were four major characters, besides De Lorean, in this little made-for-television drug-enforcement drama. They were:

- William Morgan Hetrick, the supplier of the 100 ki's: The whole investigation that led to De Lorean's arrest allegedly began with a tip, in March 1982, to the Ventura, California, police that a "Mr. Morgan" was moving large sums of cash out of the state. Further investigation identified Morgan as Hetrick, who had been suspected by the DEA, since March 1980, of importing cocaine from Colombia. All documents and press statements indicate that narcs had the goods on Hetrick at least a month before De Lorean was even under suspicion. The prosecutors have made much of the Hetrick-De Lorean connection, but the auto maker is linked to Hetrick only through a government snitch named James T. Hoffman.

- Hoffman had been charged with cocaine importation by a grand jury in February 1981, and thereafter rolled over and began working for federal narcs. His controlling FBI

/ continued on page 24

VISITORS TO U.K. LEARN OF 10-GRAM WEED LIMIT

LONDON, ENGLAND

TRAVELERS REPORT THAT Heathrow International has become the first airport to publicly stipulate a no-bust marijuana limit, which officials have set at 10 grams—about 20 American-style joints' worth. When incoming passengers are found to have less than this quantity of cannabis on their persons (grass or hash), the dope will be seized, but no bust will ensue if the passenger is prepared to cough up a penalty fine on the spot. The new instant-fine policy was enacted to save Heathrow cops from the time-consuming annoyance of having to formally prosecute any dummy who gets caught holding a head stash in the customs shed. The size of the fine was not stipulated.

Most international airports have minimum no-bust weed weights, which change from place to place and time



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Customs inspectors at Kennedy International Airport (above) generally do not file charges against mules carrying less than five kilos of pot, but don't depend on it. Without a stipulated no-bust weight, they can still pop travelers at their own discretion.

to time, according to the volume of weed being moved through the place. The limit at Kennedy International in New York, legal-eagle sources report, hangs in the vicinity of five kilos of raw pot, though it may fluctuate; anything

more than that pulls a formal bust, while anything less results in a mere loss of the dope, a bum's rush from the airport and a permanent file in the EPIC computer, which links into customs terminals all over North America. If



authorities would only stipulate no-bust weights for places like Kennedy, then they could impose fines as well, and collect fine revenues from all the dummies who get caught there with head stash. HT

CHIEF DOES TIME FOR COKE AS WIFE AND LOVER PINE

SOUTH DAYTONA, FLORIDA

LAST SUMMER, THE POLICE chief of Ponce Inlet, Ted Grau, selected an unusual gift for his girlfriend, Linda: 13.5 grams of unstepped cocaine from his own evidence bin. When ex-chief Grau, 37, recently embarked on a four-year prison term, his ever-faithful wife, Pat, called it unfair: "It was his first offense," she claimed.

Circuit-court judge McFerrin Smith assured Grau's ladies that he'd be due for parole inside two years, with good behavior, and meanwhile all care would be taken for his health: "There are obviously some security precautions that have to be taken when you are dealing with a former police chief." HT



DAYTONA BEACH NEWS-JOURNAL

Ex-chief Ted Grau

COPS PLANT MONEY, NAB FINDERS IN NARC-STYLE AIRPORT TRAP

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

"IF SOMEONE IS A DRUG dealer," declares Seattle criminal attorney David Allen, "and the police say we know they're a drug dealer and we're going to give them an opportunity, then it's a different story."

In this story, though, the police were leaving wallets and purses, each with realistic personal identification and about \$20 in change, on lounge seats and bar stools around the Seattle-Tacoma (Sea-Tac) airport. The officers then watched these items from a far place, and busted anyone who, after picking them up, did not immediately turn them over to some appropriate authority.

Douglas Whaley, top prose-

cutor for King County, says this was not entrapment, because the police did not "create" an entire crime, but only set up a potential crime, and then furnished the "opportunity" to commit it. In this way, over three weeks last fall, the Port of Seattle police popped 20 people.

Remarkably, about 15 times more people than this did promptly turn over the police loot to airport authorities and got no thanks for the annoyance. Hardly anyone at all kept it. "Several years ago, when twenty dollars seemed like a lotta bucks to me, that's what I'd have done," a man who'd returned a nonsting purse to a baggage handler later told Seattle Post-Intelli-

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REMEMBER THE *BOUTWELL*?

DEA'S "THAI-STICK STING" NETS 7 IN THREE STATES

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

by Mark Swain

AS DRUG ENFORCEMENT Administration special agent William Feaser tells it, a big Seattle coke dealer named Larson, and his California coinvestor, showed Feaser \$650,000 in cash and real-estate deeds in the Red Lion hotel here last Election Day, and Feaser busted them for Thai marijuana. Feaser's affidavit in Seattle federal district court does not make it clear whether the cuffs came out on the spot, or hours later in some other place, but that'll probably be settled in court. What may *never* come out in court is how special agent Feaser got his hands, in the *first* place, on the ton and a half of imported stickless Thai for which this Larson and six other people, from three states, were busted that day. That marijuana, many believe, may have had one hell of a history behind it.

The load of Thai will probably never show up in the evidence bin, because no one but the DEA ever had custody of it. It was used, a whole van full of it (according to Feaser), to sting these alleged coke dealers into bidding \$1,000 a pound for it wholesale. So it was very, very good marijuana indeed, but the DEA won't say anything more about it, except that it was pureblood Thai by pedigree.

The Carrot and the Thai Stick

According to Feaser, a Seattle snitch last summer mentioned to the local cops that someone named Larson was selling a lot of coke around town, and had sold some to the snitch himself. Determining that this Larson had two "narcotics" priors (marijuana



Thai pour la tête.

in 1973 and petty coke possession in 1978), agent Feaser decided Larson would be a suitable target for a nice fat sting. So Feaser, in the guise of some "undercover" persona, cultivated Larson's acquaintance, and talked about coke with him. Then, since the DEA *did* have all this stickless Thai lying around down in San Diego, California, special agent Feaser asked Larson if he'd like to buy a whole big bunch of "imported" marijuana: 3,000 pounds, precisely.

About a month later, says Feaser, in late October, he flourished 20 pounds of this Thai in front of Larson in a swanky apartment on Mercer Island, and introduced him to a few buddy narcs. It was on this occasion that Larson, after allegedly sampling the stock, and determining to his satisfaction that it was absolutely *connoisseur* marijuana, offered \$1,000 a pound for the whole lot—which had somehow shrunk to just 2,000 pounds now, a mere ton of Thai. (One million dollars' worth of weed, presumably, got moldy or something, in the DEA's custody.)

But there was still \$2 million all told, and so some more

investors were suckered into the action, including a guy from San Francisco and a bona fide high-roller from Hawaii called Haycraft. Mr. Haycraft, according to the DEA (who have been known to exaggerate such points), owns a small planet of real estate on the Big Island, complete with condominium and such, and 36 Hawaiian Christmas-tree lots. Haycraft flew to California in his Lear jet, they say, the last week in October.

Meantime, Larson of Seattle and his San Francisco coinvestor were in San Diego, in the company of federal "undercover" agents, looking at a *half* a ton of stickless Thai in a van somewhere. The DEA's cache of Thai had shrunk by 1,000 pounds a month since the sting commenced, somehow, but there was still a *whole* lot of weed in that van. Larson contracted for 1,000 pounds, says Feaser, and swore Haycraft would pick up *another* 1,000 pounds, at \$1,000 a pound—of dope that wasn't there.

In any case, finally \$650,000 came out in the Red Lion hotel here in Seattle, just a few days later, on Election Day.

About the same time, Mr. Haycraft was stopped by federal agents in the act of boarding his Lear with \$500,000 in cash (by DEA count) and taken into custody. None of the defendants pulled less than \$1-million bail. And thus another federal sting, in the style of Abscam and De Lorean, went into the annals of crime: federal cops hauling whole suitcases of money around, and whole *four-wheel-drives* full of dope, to induce people to go through the motions of greed and criminality.

The Curse of the Boutwell

As this Thai-stick sting heads for pretrial motions, however, defense attorneys have indicated to *HIGH TIMES* that the *origin* of the DEA's wonder weed is liable to become a matter of consuming interest to the court. A thou a pound is pretty *classy* on the wholesale ton level, suggesting that this weed was actually something very out of the ordinary: Thai from *Thailand*, likely as not, and not "Thai" from Humboldt or Hilo.

The DEA, of course, can give no information on the provenience of its sting sinsemilla, as long as the investigation's still under way. But the last time anywhere *near* this much authentic Thai came into federal hands was last June, when a large portion of the Thailand first-season harvest was waylaid on the high seas, in a sailboat, just off the Aleutians near the Arctic Circle, by the U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Boutwell* (see "The Marijuana Mutiny," *Highwitness News*, Jan. 1983). But according to the *Coast Guard*, under sworn oath, when that 3,100

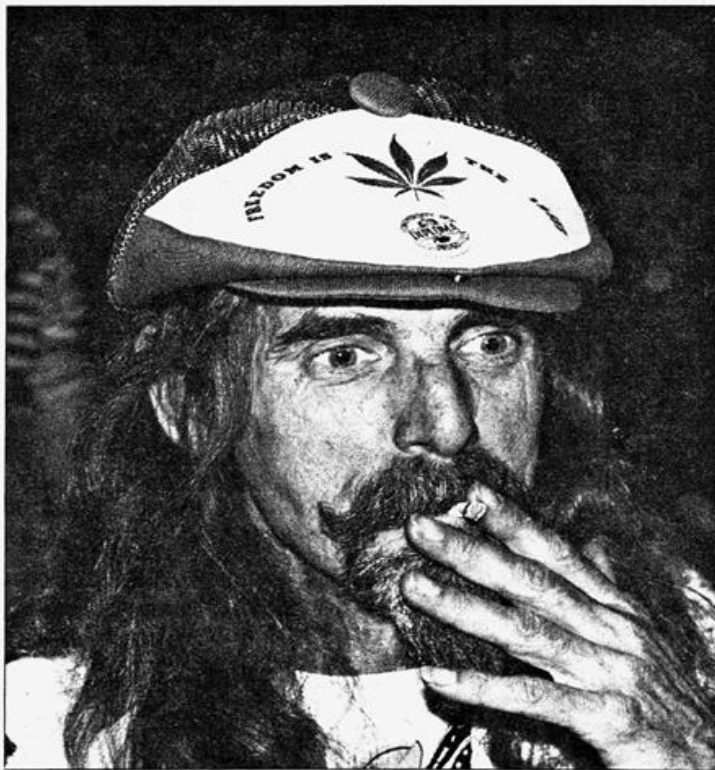
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NEW YORK YIPS TRASH NANCY



PAUL KNEISEL

The New York Yuppies continue to maintain their two-pronged siege on social inequities and marijuana prohibition. Aron Kay, famed pie-er of the political elite (above), negotiates with one of New York's finest during a Yip protest against Nancy Reagan's appearance at Lincoln Center. A few days later propot activist and founder of GRASS-Roots, Mike Moran, toked up at the Yuppies' annual Free Smoke-In, held on Halloween in Washington Square Park. The Smoke-In was augmented by thousands of costumed celebrants marching in the yearly Greenwich Village Halloween parade.



PAUL KNEISEL

THE DEA'S "THAI-STICK STING"

/continued from page 22

pounds (count 'em) of Thai finally made port, after some mutiny and loss of life, it was all burned at Kodiak, Alaska, except for evidence core samples.

Yet here, just a little while later, DEA agents were trotting around a whole big van of primo imported Thai, by their own admission. There was a

ton and a half of it in September, Feaser told Larson, but a month later, somehow, there was only a *half* ton of it. This is liable to raise all sorts of hell in Seattle federal district court in months to come, and readers who like good, raunchy cops-and-robbers stories are encouraged to stay tuned to this space. HT

COPS PLANT MONEY IN AIRPORT

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gencer columnist John Hanh. "Now I'm doing all right. A double sawbuck is nothing to me."

The police did manage to get a Sea-Tac cafeteria dishwasher who spoke no English, and a Norwegian, and a restaurant worker, and a hospital worker. And they also managed to get some people with decent-sounding jobs, who probably didn't really even need an extra double sawbuck. But, far and away, most people turned the stuff in to airport help. "That greatly surprised us," said Seattle police chief Ed Ingram. "We

concluded that we have a lot of good citizens out there."

When David Allen, chairman of the Seattle King County bar association, heard about this, he took the extraordinary step of speaking out for the defendants' rights, for no fee. "Where you try to trap otherwise innocent people by putting money in their path, thereby creating a crime which otherwise would not have occurred, then you've created a crime," he said.

Unless the people you entrap are suspected drug dealers, of course. Then it's a different story. HT

SOME PROSPECTS FOR DE LOREAN'S DEFENSE: NARC SNITCH LACKS CREDIBILITY

continued from page 20

and DEA agents assigned him to gain the confidence of Hetrick and set him up for a fall. He had done substantial work in this regard before a fatal conversation with his "friend" John De Lorean on June 11, 1981. The feds claim that while the two were chatting in the Marriott Hotel in Newport Beach, California, De Lorean announced that he was interested in doing a major coke deal. Hoffman would eventually introduce De Lorean to Hetrick and all the government participants.

• FBI man Benedict Tisa played the role of facilitator in the deal, masquerading as "John Benedict," a sleazy bank officer with a savings and loan company in San Carlos, California. Benedict was laundering money for Hetrick—an operation that had been set up through Hoffman as part of his snitch work. Benedict's task in the De Lorean deal was to hold the DMC stock while the coke distribution was completed, and then hand it over to Mr. Vicenza.

• DEA agent John Valestra played Mr. Vicenza, the man with the \$3.2 million that would make the coke purchase possible, and the distribution system that would dispose of the blow.

Entrapment

With all these crosscurrents of government manipulation, you might gather that De Lorean was clearly and completely entrapped. After all, the federally funded snitch originally introduced him to dope trafficking, and a DEA agent was putting up most of the buy money and promising to deal the stuff.

But all this, believe it or not, is perfectly legal. To win their case, federal prosecutors need only show that De Lorean was "predisposed" to commit the crime of which he is accused.

"Predisposition," however,



John De Lorean and wife Cristina Ferrare face the music.

may be difficult for them to prove, since *proof* will likely hinge on the credibility of James T. Hoffman, whose clever lying and deception laid the groundwork for the government's case; and who is on record as having lied, under oath, twice, in a 1979 civil suit arising out of a business disagreement with—guess who? —William Morgan Hetrick. Hoffman's story that De Lorean approached *him* about setting up a dope deal is open to challenge. Drug agents claim their attention was drawn to De Lorean only because Hoffman reported the June 11 conversation to them, so it is unlikely that they can produce any corroborating evidence of the substance of that conversation. If De Lorean argues that Hoffman pressed *him* into the scheme, it will be his word against Hoffman's.

But factors of "duress" could also be brought into the entrapment defense. Federal agents may have overstepped legal bounds if De Lorean was uniquely vulnerable to manipulation at this moment in his life, and the agents knew it. There is no doubt whatever that the feds were aware of De Lorean being in desperate financial straits; in fact, they have publicly stated that this desperation was the motive for his criminal activity.

The particular kind of friendship that existed between Hoffman and De Lorean could raise another element of duress. Little is known about James T. Hoffman, except that he was the subject of an indictment almost three years ago for conspiracy to import and distribute cocaine, and that he is a notorious perjurer. How, then, did he come to be the friend of

international VIP, business mogul and media figure John De Lorean? Some observers have speculated that Hoffman may have been De Lorean's cocaine supplier. If indeed he was, and De Lorean was a heavy user, perhaps even an "addict," then Hoffman certainly new *that*, and was in a position to exploit that weakness, too.

De Lorean's trial promises to be one of the most fascinating drug-media events in years. But it is only the celebrity status of De Lorean and the public attention the trial will draw that make it unusual. There is nothing out of the ordinary about the extent to which the narcotics cops were willing to manipulate people to create crime and grab headlines. But it may be the first time the American public has had the opportunity to see it up close. HT

MIKE SERGIEFF

SPECIAL

SCIENCE SUPPLEMENT

TWO NEW POT TESTS
TO GO ON THE MARKET

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY at UCLA, and a private physician in Shrewsbury, New Jersey, have both been awarded patents on two quite different drug-detection devices which are bound to generate a good deal of public interest after they go into production, probably late this year. Both pending tests have already been widely billed, in the popular news media, as devices which highway patrolmen will be able to use to determine whether automobile drivers are operating under the influence of marijuana. Both are virtually certain to cost millions of dollars to commercially produce, and to be very aggressively merchandised by their producers.

The UCLA device, patented by Dr. Stanley Gross and three other university researchers for a corporation called Receptor Research Laboratories, was called a "Breathalyzer" in initial wire-service reports. It has nothing to do with breath, however. As the developers describe it, the test uses a saliva-catching cotton swab and some sort of "radio-immune assay" (RIA) solution. After marijuana is smoked, Gross explains, traces of THC and related cannabinoids cling to the inner surface of the mouth and the gums for a few hours—for a period about as long as the period of intoxication, that is. Any cannabinoid traces, presumably, will be caught in the UCLA Breathalyzer's cotton swab, if the test's subject has smoked marijuana within a couple hours prior to the test. Then the swab will be treated with a special RIA reagent chemical, which will cause the cotton swab to turn a telltale color, or give some other sort of indication, that marijuana-derived cannabinoids are present in the swab.

In this way, the UCLA



Breathalyzer closely resembles a gum-swab test called the ESCO, which was briefly but very aggressively merchandised four years ago by a Los Angeles private corporation. Originally, the ESCO gum-swab had been developed by the U.S. Motor Vehicles Bureau, but Motor Vehicles abandoned interest in it when their researchers determined that its reagent couldn't tell the difference between cannabinoid particles in the mouth, and particles of tea, Certs breath mints, yohimbine and about 20 other ingestible substances. The company with the patent on the ESCO, however, went ahead and merchandised it very vigorously for use in jails and parole

programs, until its victims began suing prison administrators for disciplining them on the basis of such a lousy test.

Dr. Gross and the other developers of the UCLA Breathalyzer are not obliged to explain exactly how their test works, or even what commercial company may buy the patent on it and put it into production. So until it actually goes into commercial production and merchandising, there is only its own developers' guarantee that this saliva-swab test works better than the ESCO. Receptor Research Laboratories is not listed in the Los Angeles phone directory.

The other pending test, patented by Dr. Thomas Wes-

terman of Shrewsbury, New Jersey, is called the "Narcometer." Dr. Thomas Heygi of Rutgers, Westerman's codeveloper, describes it as a brain-wave monitor. Noninvasive contact electrodes are placed on the skin of the subject's forehead, and feed into a device that prints out a perfectly straight line, if the subject is not intoxicated. If the subject is stoned on marijuana, however, this printout line (called the "DEP," for "drug-evoked potential") will have a characteristic deviation, or squiggle, to it. If the subject is stoned on alcohol, the DEP line will have a completely different sort of deviation squiggle. The device can also tell cocaine intoxication, and can distinguish heroin intoxication from intoxication by other opiates such as codeine and morphine. It can even tell heroin *withdrawals*, says Heygi; and, in fact, one of the main reasons for its original development by Dr. Westerman, an obstetrician in private practice, was for use in monitoring withdrawals in babies born to heroin-addicted mothers.

Currently, the Narcometer is the subject of intense interest from many commercial corporations, who are fully aware of the urgent demand for a roadside intoxication meter that would work as well as this one purportedly does. Whether such a device could be manufactured inexpensively enough to bring it within the range of most county Sheriff's Department budgets is the main question. Westerman and Heygi calculate that the Narcometer can be produced for a retail cost of about \$3,000 a unit. Whether this could actually be done by any commercial company, without debasing the integrity of the original design to some degree, is anybody's guess. **HT**

THE QUEST FOR THE PERFECT DIET PILL

CHEMISTS SEEK BENIGN AMPHETAMINE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SCIENTISTS SEEKING TO learn how psychotropic drugs work in the brain have discovered how it might be possible, someday soon, to develop new drugs that will suppress appetite without causing all the awkward side effects of amphetamines: physical dependence, wakefulness, "speedy" motor stimulation and euphoria. Currently, amphetamines are the only effective appetite suppressants doctors can prescribe, but their speedy and stony side effects have given them a very bad name in medicine and law.

Prescription of some amphetamines is banned outright by law in many states, and physicians are continually debating whether the drugs are effective at all for weight loss. Many obese patients who lose weight behind script speed merely gain it straight back after the prescription lapses; whereas continuous use of speed causes tolerance and dependence. The doses can get dangerously high, side effects may get out of hand and patients risk either toxic psychosis if dosing continues, or a nasty withdrawal-type syndrome if dosing ceases.

On the other hand, for many patients obesity is just as dangerous, debilitating and incapacitating as anything speed might do. Even in otherwise healthy fat people, obesity can be a source of serious misery and stress. So it would be good, medical folks agree, to develop drugs that merely quell appetite, and do nothing else to the mind or body.

Now it may be possible to develop such drugs, thanks to some novel test-tube research at the National Institute for Mental Health and the National Institute for Arthritis here. Doctors, trying to determine exactly how amphetamine works in the brain, fractionated out different parts of mouse brains and exposed them to radioactive labeled particles of pure amphetamine. By then diluting the brain-tissue fractions

in a buffer solution and measuring the remaining radiation, it was possible to tell which fractions absorbed the most amphetamine molecules, and bound them up most tightly. These speed-receptive fractions, then, represented the parts of the brain that speed affects most strongly.

Speed receptors were found to exist in many parts of the brain, which is to be expected of a drug with so many different effects. Surprisingly, though, some speed-hungry tissues came from parts of the hypothalamus gland and base-brain, which were known to regulate appetite, and to do nothing else. When these brain structures are surgically removed from lab rats, they begin overeating compulsively, though they are otherwise unaffected, physically or behaviorally; eventually they become as fat as "ob-ob" rats, bred genetically for obesity. It is theorized that obesity in humans may involve malfunctions in the physical structure of these brain regions, or dysfunctions in the activity of their hormone-transmitting nerve cells.

These particular speed receptors in the hypothalamus and base-brain are wholly unrelated to motor activity, says Dr. Steven Paul of NIMH, and so a drug that binds tightly to them ought to suppress appetite without cranking up the whole system into a speed buzz. Such a drug would not necessarily be a "stimulant" at all. In fact, it was found that the tranquilizer fenfluramine (Pondimin), which is sometimes prescribed for short-term appetite control, binds to these speed sites, though very weakly. The ideal would be to develop a drug that binds tightly to these sites, and to no other sites in the nervous system.

NIMH, if they can get funding for it (Reaganomics prohibits much expenditure for basic test-tube work like this), intends to go looking for new molecular drug designs

and test them out on mouse-brain fragments, until they find—they hope—the ideal "anorectic," or appetite killer. The idea is to work on the basic "phenylethylamine" molecule—the pattern for a whole class of drugs, including amphetamines and mescaline, another notorious appetite killer. There may actually be a good deal of private-sector money available for this project; drug companies like Eli Lilly, Inc., which make billions on the sale of nasty old speed, would make billions more on this new stuff too—especially if it turned out to be agreeably euphoric, which is entirely possible.

And in the course of development, several nice new things could happen. Scientists could discover clues to

the cause of weird diseases like anorexia nervosa, whose victims have no appetite at all, and bulimia, whose victims spend all their time gorging themselves on food, vomiting it up with emetics and gorging again. And in the long run, the lab techs are bound to discover some yet-unknown body hormone that *naturally* binds to all the disparate speed sites in the brain. Just as they discovered endorphins, the body's own morphine, in this way, they're bound to turn up the body's own speed: "endophetamine," maybe. Says Dr. Phil Skolnik of the Arthritis Institute: "We might fantasize about endogenous amphetamines, but before we look for them we must first better define what these sites are doing." HT

GAMBLERS GOING COLD TURKEY FACE PHYSICAL WITHDRAWALS

TORONTO, ONTARIO

COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS are physically strung out on their vice, reports the Toronto Addiction Research Foundation (ARF). The British Gambler's Anonymous group recently permitted medical researchers to examine several hundred of its members, and it was determined that many had experienced something much like mild narcotics withdrawal when they decided to quit. "If you took a hundred statements from gamblers who had stopped gambling, and a hundred from drinkers who had stopped drinking, I'd say you would find it hard to tell the difference between the

two groups," remarked one physician.

Anxiety, irritability, inability to concentrate and restlessness were the most commonly reported symptoms, though 39 percent also reported at least one notable physical disturbance—shakes, nausea, muscle cramps or chest pains. Though the general profile of symptoms was nearly identical to mild opiate abstinence syndrome, there was no indication of how long the symptoms persisted, or whether their reappearance, after long terms of abstinence from gambling, might promote relapse into the old betting addiction. HT

PERILS SEEN FOR EMBRYOS & NEWBORNS

ULCER REMEDY HOLDS THREAT FOR THE UNBORN

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

CIMETIDINE, THE ANTI-ulcer wonder drug marketed most broadly as Tagamet, should be viewed with great caution by pregnant women and nursing mothers, researchers at the University of Pittsburgh's School of Medicine warn. To be effective, cimetidine must be taken daily for long periods of time; it crosses the placental barrier in pregnant women, and its concentrations in breast milk can be even higher than its concentration in a nursing mother's bloodstream. In rapidly developing fetuses and newborn babies, the same active properties that make the drug beneficial to adults may be very harmful indeed.

Cimetidine, the most effective and safe antiulcer drug on the market, works basically by competing with the androgen hormone testosterone, preventing overactivity of testosterone in the brain and in the body. While this forestalls ulcer activity, it could be quite disruptive to normal development in fetuses and newborns. In fetal and infant development, the activity of testosterone regulates the fundamental development of sex organs, programs the later release of sex hormones throughout life and even governs the basic "imprinting" mechanisms by which infants come to distinguish their own sex from the opposite sex.

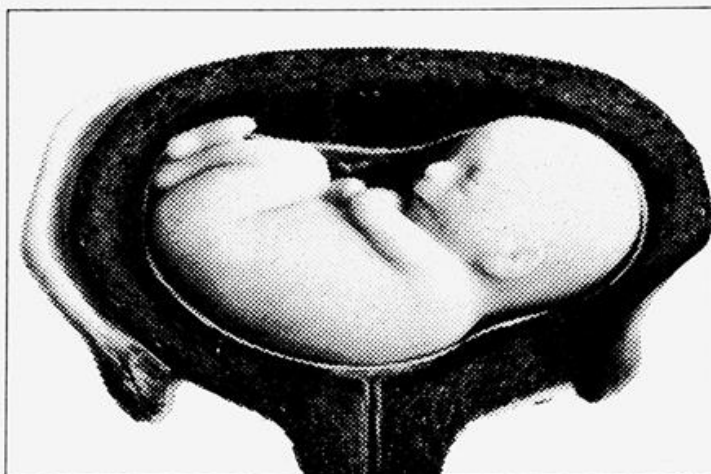
Working with rats, Dr. David de Weid and others at the University of Pittsburgh fed cimetidine to pregnant females daily throughout the

second half of term, through nursing to weaning. The male pups of the treated mothers were then matched with an untreated control group and raised normally to full maturity. Later they were assessed for sexual status and function, and were found to be strikingly deficient in many ways.

The very size of the cimetidine pups' genitals were notably smaller than the controls', and were situated much closer to their anal regions, a symptom of development arrested in infancy; exposure to cimetidine during gestation and weaning had evidently desensitized their bodies' response to testosterone throughout life. When put in the same cage with a sexually heated female rat, the treated rats were nearly four times less likely than controls to succeed in mounting her. All these male rats had reached optimum physical maturity, and could not be expected to develop any further.

This experiment was not undertaken with the sole intention of investigating cimetidine's plausible baby-deforming hazards, but to provide clues into how a whole range of antiandrogen drugs work in the body—including a number of blood-pressure and arthritis medications. Drugs that modify human hormone function are of unique benefit to some ailing adults. When unborn babies are involved, however, a drug that is beneficial to the mother may not be helpful at all to the fetus. **HT**

DOCS SAY BABIES GET JAVA JITTERS



TORONTO, ONTARIO

PREGNANT WOMEN WHO drink coffee in the final months of term should be aware that their fetuses may be exposed to three times as much caffeine as usual, physicians here report. Drs. Jean Guy Pelletier and William Parsons, examining 15 coffee-drinking women in their ninth month of pregnancy, had them abstain from coffee for one day—so as to be caffeine free—and then gave them a morning cup. The levels of caffeine in their saliva—which correspond closely with blood caffeine levels—were then monitored for another day.

While the half-life of caffeine in the body of a nonpregnant woman is only six hours, in these women it took over three times longer—21.5 hours—to eliminate a single dose. Since caffeine crosses the placental barrier, it can be assumed that substantially higher than normal amounts passed through the bodies of these women's fetuses. While

caffeine has not been proven to be teratogenic (fetus-deforming) in humans, it's decidedly addictive, promoting a nasty withdrawal syndrome—headaches, mainly—when sudden cold-turkey abstinence is imposed on a confirmed, high-dose user. Babies born to coffee-drinking women, Drs. Pelletier and Parsons report in the *Journal of the Canadian Medical Association*, could be reasonably expected to go through withdrawals after birth; and if the mother continues drinking coffee during nursing, they may have to go through withdrawals again at weaning.

Tobacco smoking, it was noted, typically speeds up caffeine elimination by about half, from a six-hour half-life to about three hours. And in these pregnant women, those who smoked showed a 9.6-hour caffeine half-life. It was not reported whether their babies might have to undergo nicotine withdrawals as well as caffeine withdrawals. **HT**



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SINSEMILLA SURPLUS SPURS PRICE CUTS

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

Like all farmers, sinsemilla growers are prone to growing-season laments about pestilence, drought, heat waves, floods, disease and other diminishers of their crops, hopeful that fear of scarcity will drive prices higher. And, like all farmers, they are granted forgiveness for these exaggerations by a public long since jaded by the American institution of agrarian pessimism. But this year California sinsemilla growers wept themselves into such a convincing frenzy that buyers actually bought their tales of dearth, at first, enriching the early sellers and sticking the late bloomers with underpriced stock.

First of all, a little background on the sinsemilla market. As Miami is to the Colombian pot connection and Houston is to the Mexican weed route, so are New York City and California to the domestic sinsemilla pipeline. Unlike the imported pots, which have as their financial nexus the most geographically convenient big burg, sinsemilla growers are drawn to the markets dominated by consumers with money. It takes a lot of work, planning and experience to come up with an outstanding crop, so once serious growers have harvested their gourmet delectables, they pack their Baggies and head for L.A. or the Apple.

The top-rated growers start showing up in the neon canyons almost as soon as the first buds are dry enough to hold a light. The buyers, somewhat detached from the growing scene and prey to disinformation, must untangle the bull from the buds and make a fast choice. Last year, a bear market prevailed at first: Cautious buyers passed up the first offerings, at around \$1,200 to \$1,800 a pound, after hearing overblown media tales and grower optimism over bumper crops—hoping prices would tumble. When supplies began to run low late in November, a stampede began and pound prices soared to \$2,500.

This year the opposite happened: With few exceptions, the first high-grade sinsemillas were welcomed by a surging bull market. Dealers fought with each other over \$2,500 pounds. But as the weeks passed, new and ever-better sinsemilla cropped up in every safe-house in town, and prices began to tumble—two grand became the norm. Some dealers who'd stashed up early became embittered, especially when they encountered, as sometimes happened, the identical pot they'd purchased cheaper and on terms. "Even if I make money, I lose in the long run," complained one frustrated early buyer. "My customers buy

smaller quantities, and start looking for other suppliers."

California takes the rap for the midfall glut. One San Francisco grower who followed the North California growing season closely blamed "slack law enforcement" for the surplus. "In a lot of these counties they don't even make busts," he explained, "so everybody got their crops in this year."

While growers and weight dealers are sobbing, consumers have benefited. Good ounces are under \$200 in most places, a considerable downturn from last year and late summer.

Pot Shots... And while we're on the subject, a few morsels: Some California sinsemilla making the rounds on both coasts comes from an all-woman growing collective—a minor selling point that dealers who have handled it say is appreciated by the estimated 50 percent women pot smokers... California's never-say-die pot lobbyists have announced yet another reefer referendum for 1982-1984. Last year's referendum, the sixth at least beginning with the milestone Proposition 19 of 1972, was abandoned after the petition drive lost steam and heavies Tod Mikuriya, M.D. and Mendocino County district attorney Joe Allen pulled out. They blamed "serious violations of individual and group rights by local and state authorities" for the fizzling of the campaign, noting that petition organizers had suffered 35 felony charges, and seven misdemeanor charges, of which only one had resulted in conviction. Next time, say the organizers, more legal eagles will be recruited;

And Hot Shots... Did anyone notice the early October *Newsweek* with the cover story on sinsemilla? Could anyone have missed it? While the story itself was sympathetic to growers, the cover displayed a ski-masked, machine-gun-toting grower who looked more like a Baader-Meinhof terrorist than a weed farmer. The cover received universal condemnation among pot cultivators, who saw it as one more misportrayal of the growers' world as a maelstrom of violence and terror.

Pot, Thy Magic Touch Is Everywhere... In the South Bronx of New York, one of the most devastated urban areas in the world, cops raided a sinsemilla farm planted amidst the rubble. More than 200 top-quality plants weighing almost 500 pounds found their way into the evidence lockers. Cops say they're not surprised. Another major pot crop was seized there before—in 1921.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

AUSTRALIA

Queensland "border" sticks	homegrown king	one 100	1-16
Mullumbimby madness	kangaroo boo	oz 100	900
Colombian pot	tasty red & compressed	lb 200-300	20-40
Thai sticks	off the boats	lb 800-1200	75-225
Compressed Thai	watch for local ersatz	lb 15-20	1000-1200
Putty hash	Lebanese	oz 100	200-250
Nepalese fingers	Frankenstein critic's choice	lb 1500-2500	210-250
Indian hash oil	champagne of oils	oz 2800-3000	250-400
Mushrooms	desert flowers	lb 3000-4500	20-45
LSD	Korean "tiles"	oz 420-620	50-75
Methaqualone	Sat. nite special	one 100	3-6
Cocaine	even in cowboy country	gm 150-400	140-175

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	good flow	oz 50-65
Gold and red Colombian	gone like the wind	lb 500-650
Hawaiian buds	almost nonexistent	oz 60-85
Mexican tops	a few in season	lb 500-750
California sinsemilla	thimble-loads	oz 325-350
Homegrown pot	mild	lb 2800-3600
Hash	headscratcher red Leb	oz 50-85
LSD	your choice	lb 450-650
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	oz 225-300
Cocaine	catching up to U.S. standards	lb 2000-2600

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	slow	oz 10-15
Commercial domestic	usual strong	lb 60-100
Colombian hash	supply forgettable	oz 2-5
Hash oil	a lost cause	lb 30-80
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz 8-25
Cocaine	good assortment	lb 100-225

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz 75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	kilo 1250-3750
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz 50-100
Lebanese hash	problems solved	kilo 1000-2000
Black Afghani hash	ditto	oz 60-120
Pakistani hash	brisk market	oz 1200-2200
Cocaine		oz 100-135

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz 7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb 60-100

Sierra buds	passable	oz 6-10
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	lb 70-100
Cocaine base	lots	oz 2-4
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	lb 40-60
LSD	traded for blow	gm 25-40

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color, sweetness	lb 375-450
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb 750-1500

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	dry, seedy, but super	oz 15
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	lb 125
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz 10
Acapulco gold	and green, one of the best	lb 90
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz 25
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	lb 250
Methaqualone	much pharmaceutical, okay	oz 15

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz 150
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stony	lb 1650-1750
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz 160

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm 20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz 250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	gm 15-20
Afghani hash	greenish black, fummy	oz 225-250
Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm 10-15
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	oz 10-15
Thai sticks	great	gm 175-200
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz 10
Ups & downs	legal, kind of	gm 175-200
Moonshine	homemade	gm 250-300

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins

Milwaukee	red Leb, gummy, good considering source	oz 100
Detroit	pressed 'lumbo	oz 35
Tempe, Ariz.	'marsh too dry	ea 1.50
Wash., D.C.	peyote buttons, quarter size	ea 15
Youngstown, Ohio	"African" sticks, flashy, but z-z-z	oz 40
Silver Spring, Md.	"truck stop" reefer-marsh	gm 90
Miami	crystal meth, pure and sassy	ea 4
Eureka, Cal.	boot ludes, some on, some off	oz 175
Columbus, Ohio	'ghani-bred sinse, sparkling	gm 100
Madison, Wis.	coke, too powdery	oz 40
	Badger state homegrown, so-so	

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	long-lasting season	oz 125-250
Cal. sinse	go for the 'ghanis	oz 175-200
Commercial Mexican	some excellent	lb 1800-2500
Top-grade Mexican sinsemilla	gold and seedy	oz 20-50
Jamaican	heating up	lb 200-450
Jamaican sinsemilla	appears and disappears	oz 45-60
Commercial Colombian	tendency toward dryness	lb 475-550
Thai sticks	real cheap or real high	lb 115-135
Loose Thai	sticks like stumps	lb 1200-1500
Hawaiian	sudden disappearance	oz 35-45
Moroccan hash	watch for impersonators	lb 375-450
Citrali hash	dry, split slabs	oz 70-100
Lebanese hash	back in town	lb 700-1000
Black Afghani hash	still going strong	oz 35-50
Nepalese fingers	gov't seal	lb 350-500
Paki hash	dreamy and aromatic	lb 10-25
Psilocybin mushrooms	bits and pieces	oz 180-225
Peyote	dried encapsulated	oz 200-220
LSD	crusty, heady	lb 1950-2400
Cocaine	R2D2 dots, power circles	oz 235-300
Methaqualone	king of the one liners	lb 2700-3200
Crosses and black beauts	best boots in the West	oz 125
Meth-amphetamine	erratic	lb 500
Alaska	shake city	oz 1650-1950
Commercial Colombian	'tis the season	lb 90-110
Domestic sinsemilla	most available	oz 825-1100
Mexican weed	immigrant flow	lb 140-190
Mainland sinsemilla	timberland	oz 1550-2000
Thai sticks	big mover	lb 1700-2500
Lebanese hash	are you shitting me?	oz 165
Cocaine	blots	lb 1600-1900
LSD	bootkickers	oz 140-160
Methaqualone		lb 1650
Hawaii	victim of inflation	oz 5-10
Puna buds	banana-size buds	oz 150-300
Kona gold	emerald green	gm 100-200
Mauna Loa	best in years, reasonably priced	oz 2000-3000
Maui wowie	fresh from the lab for cheap	oz 325-400
LSD	not a big mover	oz 2000-2500
Mushrooms	over the counter from S.A.	oz 225-275
Cocaine		lb 2200-2750
Amphetamines		lb 2000-2500

ABUSE FOLIO

ACUPUNCTURE AND ADDICTION

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic

ACUPUNCTURE: WHAT IT IS

Acupuncture has been used in the Orient for thousands of years to treat a wide variety of medical problems. Treatment consists of inserting very thin needles into specific points in the body called "meridians." These meridians relate directly to internal organs and other parts of the body. Stimulation of a given set of points can have a pain-killing effect and, some practitioners claim, a curative effect on whatever organ the meridian is related to.

Traditionally, the needles were twirled or jiggled to produce stimulation. Now, most acupuncturists employ small, low-voltage transformers that send a trickle of electricity through the needles. The current is not painful; it feels like a tiny shower massage. The earliest "needles" were fishbones, bamboo splinters and pointed stones. Most needles are now made of silver, gold or stainless steel, and sterilized before each use.

Claims of what acupuncture can do vary with the practitioner. In general, however, its most widely accepted uses are for the control of pain, anxiety and muscle spasm.

HOW ACUPUNCTURE WORKS

Like much in Eastern medicine, acupuncture has been little understood by Western scientists. The terms "yin and yang," "meridian energy flow" and "balance" have no equivalent in Western medicine. Until recently, the effects of acupuncture were written off as placebo reactions—working only through the power of suggestion.

All of this began to change in the mid-1970s with the discovery of opiate "receptor sites." These are mechanisms within the central nervous system (CNS) that attract opiate molecules. The molecules of heroin and other CNS painkillers fit into the receptors like keys in specialized locks. This interaction produces the euphoria and analgesia associated with opiates and synthetic opioids.

Spurred on by the conviction that whatever power designed the human body did not install these receptor sites to accommodate opium, scientists soon isolated opiate-like analgesic euphorants that are produced within the body. These internal painkillers were called "endorphins." Endorphins used the opioid receptor sites in the same way as chemical CNS analgesics, and with similar results.

Further research involving pain stimulation, acupuncture analgesia and pain recurrence through the use of naloxone, a blocking agent used to counter morphine and heroin overdose, produced a startling revelation: Acupuncture fights pain by stimulating the production of endorphins. Stimulation of meridians can direct their flow to specific parts of the body.

USE OF ACUPUNCTURE IN THE TREATMENT OF ADDICTION

In the 1930s, Bill Pone, who had learned acupuncture from his father in his native Malaysia, was a businessman in mainland China. Before the war, the Chinese equivalent of the three-martini lunch was the ten-plus-toke opium pipe. Bill discovered that he could use acupuncture to treat his colleague's opium addiction.

Decades later, in the early 1970s, Bill Pone, now a medical doctor, came to the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. He proposed to use the same treatment he had

discovered in China on the Haight-Ashbury's heroin addicts. He set up shop in an attic room in the clinic's Drug Treatment Project, and the clinic advised clients that they could volunteer for the new method of treatment. Bill's pioneering work paralleled that of Dr. Wen in Hong Kong and gained national recognition. Bill died of cancer in 1979, but in that same year the Bill Pone Memorial Acupuncture Clinic received the first research grant in the United States for studying addiction treatment by acupuncture.

TREATMENT PARTICULARS

In addition to counseling, each client receives 30-minute daily sessions of electrostimulation acupuncture—as described above—administered primarily in the "lung" and the "God's Door," points located in the ear. These sessions are administered with the client lying down in a quiet room. The client is encouraged to relax and rest during the session. The effects can include the following:

- 1) Sedation—without sedative drug aftereffects.
- 2) Relaxation—achieved by control of hypotonicity or hyperactivity of organs.
- 3) Functional modifications—including control of the full range of symptoms associated with opiate withdrawal.

ADDITIONAL BENEFITS

Acupuncture seems to be effective in treating chronic pain—a major underlying cause of opiate abuse. By providing nonnarcotic relief from addiction withdrawals, it can reduce the probability of a patient's return to addiction. Often, when recovered addicts suffer from conventional medical or dental problems, the prescription of codeine or other minor analgesics

for pain triggers the old craving for opiates. If acupuncture is used to treat these minor ailments, rather than the normally prescribed pain relievers, that risk is removed. People in recovery from opiate abuse have very low pain tolerance. If this is due to long-term suppression of endorphins, acupuncture should have a long-term positive effect on pain tolerance by exciting endorphin production.

Acupuncture also seems to be effective in treating a variety of addiction-related problems other than opiate abuse; it appears to be useful, for instance, in curbing the drug hunger of cocaine abusers.

DRAWBACKS

The one drawback to acupuncture treatment for addiction is the reluctance of opiate abusers to accept it as viable. Locked into concepts of Western medicine, many of them cannot see a cause-and-effect relationship in treatment that gives no medication and uses needles with nothing in them. This problem of acceptance is underscored by the statistically established correlation between belief in a treatment and its actual effectiveness.

CONCLUSION

As a treatment modality in the West, acupuncture is just in its beginning stages. We have a lot more to learn from and about it. What we are learning, however, is very promising. □

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THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO GANESH BABA



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GROUPIES AS PEOPLE

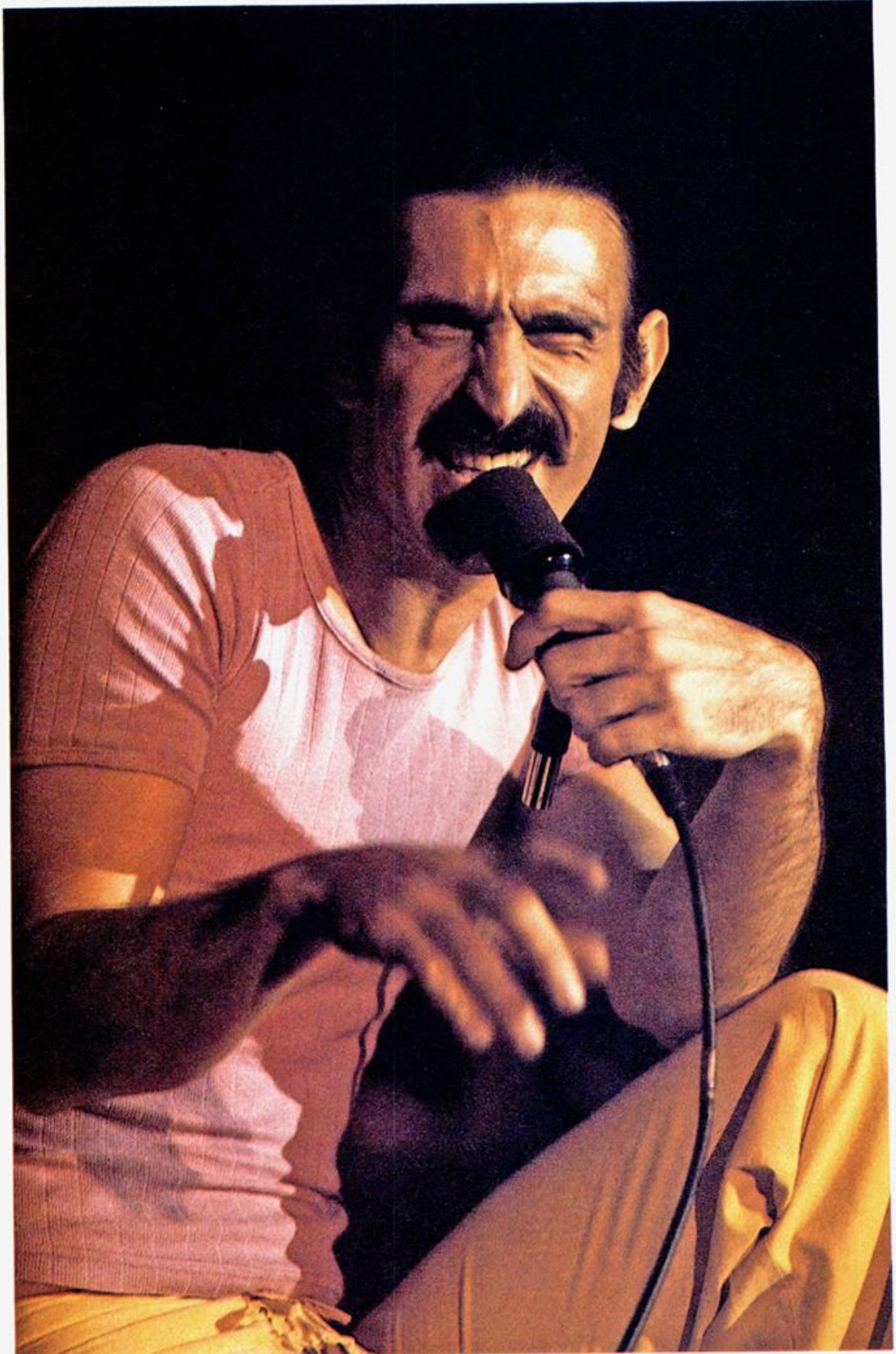
BY FRANK ZAPPA

[Ah, those were the days—when young girls lived and breathed for their favorite groups, became neurotically obsessed with the band members' hair, their dental floss, the length of their peckers. Those were the days when innocent rock stars were true heroes, the largest heroes in America—not musicians-cum-lawyers behind corporate scams calculated to muster up a brainwashed following, like today. The groupies were a natural demented offspring to the immensity of the '60s rock group. Though they may still exist in some adulterated form, the poor souls documented here by Frank Zappa (who allegedly coined the term "groupies"), are a striking and accurate stab from the past.]

HIGH TIMES doesn't usually run interviews that were conducted 13 years ago. But the sanity with which Mr. Zappa conducted himself whilst surrounded by these remarkable girls—who lived to worship music, and suck out the very gene pools of those who played it—so impressed us that we decided to send this sociological study to press.]

Having been on the victim's end of the interviewer's machinery for 15 years has brought me to realize several things about this most unnatural of human activities; first, that I don't wish to experience any more of it, and secondly, that the people who conduct these little inquisitions have a tendency to dehumanize their subjects and use the interview situation as a device for the enlargement of their own *personal splendor*.

One of the most common questions asked of people in my profession is: "What's the story on those groupies we've heard so much about? . . . [drool, slobber, slobber, drip-



KATE SIMON

Rock's premier sociologist turns the tables and interviews three, count 'em, three bona fide groupies. Learn which stars they **strapped** on. Get a graphic description of **rubbing away**. See Frank tempt them into **raging**. Experience them discussing masturbatory techniques. Aren't you glad we didn't gag them with a spoon?

drip-drip]." With this article I'd like to present a view of that special behavior which has baffled and mystified the Tom Snyders of America for the last two decades.

The following is a transcription of a taped interview with three young ladies from New York City. It was recorded in 1969.

Frank Zappa: Will you explain what a groupie is?

Jenell: A groupie is a young kid. I don't know what age, it doesn't even matter because I'm still a groupie and I'm seventeen, but it's a girl or a guy who finds a group of singers and runs around and follows them, thinks they're groovy and follows every word they say and sort of idolizes them. It's an idolizing-type thing. You fall in love with the people in there and you get to memorize word for word. We used to just sit and think about *you people* all the time. It was beautiful for us, though. You were really very happy and completely involved in their lives and what the group does and every record and every word on their album.

Zappa: But what if you never meet the group that you're grouping for? Would you group for the Beatles or the Rolling Stones?

Jenell: No, I think a groupie is more of a *personal* thing, or else you're just a *fan*. With the Beatles, I was a fan. I had my walls completely decked out with Beatles pictures, but I was just a fan, I wasn't a groupie because I never met them, but if I did meet them, I *would* be a groupie.

Zappa: How old were you when you first started being a groupie?

Jenell: I was about fourteen.

Annie: I was fifteen.

Cynthia: When I was thir-

teen, I had a big thing like with the Rolling Stones, and every concert I *had* to run to, and I used to dream of *making it* with Mick Jagger and everything, so that's like *sort of* being a groupie, but it's a *sort of a fan*, also. But when I started *meeting* the groups, that was *the height* of my groupie career. That was like the night we met the Mothers, but before that I had a thing for the Fugs. I used to hang out on McDougal Street and they played in the Players Theater right on McDougal Street, and I used to see them walk out and I used to want to talk to them and *everything*, and I used to go up and tell them *anything* just to get to *talk* to them, and they *let me in to the show free* and they *gave me an album* and I was so thrilled with that.

Zappa: Well, let's get down to some details. I recall a meeting in the dressing room of the Garrick Theater wherein you explained in *minute detail* certain experiences that took place in the ladies' rest room after hearing a performance by Ritchie Havens—

Cynthia: That was me and Rosslyn. It was so insane. You see, we were *really horny* over the Mothers. At that time I was fourteen and the *big thing* was getting horny over the Mothers. Like, when I used to sit, me and Rosslyn, when you were playing an instrumental song, imagining you all were *nude* playing there, and you really *went wild* because you were *coming* and *everything* into the drum.

Zappa: Coming into the drum?

Cynthia: Right. So then, we wanted to see you *so much*, and you went off and we were having such a great time, sitting there, *watching*

you nude and thinking of all sorts of *fantasy situations* and getting so *horny* over it. Then Ritchie Havens went on and we were getting very bored. We wanted to see the Mothers for more *sexual arousalment*. So we went into the bathroom while Ritchie Havens was singing "San Francisco Baby Blues" and against the sink we started *rubbing away*.

Zappa: Rubbing away?

Cynthia: Yeah. My father always says, "*Fucking away all night long. What did you do? Fuck away?*"

Zappa: Describe the process of *rubbing away* against the sink. Do you have to take your dress off?

Cynthia: No. We were wearing pants. But you don't have to.

Annie: You have *two things*. Because once you're against the sink, that's *one thing*, and then *the pants* is rubbing against you, that's *two things* on you. *It's cool*.

Zappa: Is that the best process?

Cynthia: Not for Rosslyn. She wanted to stick *the thing of the sink*, she wanted to take it off, *the things that stick out*, but we never got around to that because *the thing of the sink wouldn't come off* and some other groupies walked in and we didn't want to show that we were like *so horny* then. We had to like *keep our cool* in front of other groupies and like: "*We'll eventually get them—you won't—you have to go and masturbate over them, but we'll eventually wind up fucking them.*" The ultimate greatest thing you could imagine is being with the Mothers and in bed, and *wow*, the Mothers, and to *go home*—but that wasn't even as much fun as going home and *telling your friends what you did*.

Zappa: Did you ever fuck any of them?

Cynthia: Yeah. Not one of the Fugs. One of the group.

Zappa: Who was that?

Cynthia: Well, it doesn't matter now. It was Don.

Zappa: How many of the Mothers did you strap on?

Annie: Two. Don and Billy.

Zappa: How many of the Mothers did you strap on?

Jenell: None.

Zappa: You mean you got no status?

Jenell: I never really strapped *anyone* on.

Zappa: What did you do?

Jenell: Just kissed people. Hugged people.

Zappa: Kissing and hugging is worth *how many points* as compared with *fucking* them?

Annie: About thirty percent. About forty percent even, I'd go as far as saying.

Zappa: That's in *your eyes*, or in the eyes of your competitor?

Jenell: I don't compete with anyone. I'm always out for *my own thing*.

Zappa: Do you compete?

Annie: Not with other groupies.

Zappa: Did you ever?

Annie: Yes, I did. I was a little jealous of Joan with Billy, and it was like a competition thing, but after awhile it got to be ridiculous, but at first I was kind of jealous of her.

Zappa: Are you actually in love with the guy in the group, or are you in love with the *idea* of the group?

Annie: No. Well, the first thing that *heads it on* is that he's in the group. We became groupies because of *the group*, but after that, after you get to know the person or be with the person, it just goes into a *completely different thing*. It doesn't matter, like if he quit the Mothers and he was out on the street, it would be no

different in me loving him.

Zappa: But you're liking him because of *who* he is?

Annie: Yeah. Well, that's after we got to know them as the group. First you meet someone, you get a different impression until you get to know them.

Cynthia: With me it was just *completely the group*, because first I thought I was in love with you, and I wanted to throw Gail down a flight of steps, and then I thought I was in love with Ray, and Ray was with this girl and I was *crazy on that* and I was crying and all that, and I really thought that this girl was a *woman*, she was about ten years older than me, I can see him really liking her—but me, I was a fourteen-year-old little girl and he could never take me seriously. And at one time I was jealous of Peaches because of Bunky, and none of them I really cared about *as a person*. I never got to know them *as a person* because they couldn't talk to me like they would talk to *somebody*. They could never talk to me as if I *wasn't* a groupie, because how could they talk, how could Ray, what is he, thirty-four years old? talk to a fourteen-year-old girl like you would talk to a *woman*.

I used to wish I could be like one of the girlfriends that they *really* had. I used to talk to Gail and she said that she was twenty-two, and I used to wish that I was that age too and I could really be like a *woman* and *live with you* and things like that, and that's how I got very, very depressed and nervous about that, because, look, I was only fourteen, there was *nothing* I could do about it, I can't be that *mature* now.

Zappa: But you really wanted to have some sort of *lasting relationship* with the people?

Cynthia: I thought I did *then*, when I was madly in love with Ray. But as time passed I

realized how ridiculous that was, because, let's say I was madly in love with him, and let's say *he did* really like me—then I *couldn't stand him*, because it was just *the idea* of trying to *get them*. Once I *got them*, like *eesch*—you know, it was *just the idea* of trying to *get them* because it was excitement and we had nothing to do.

Zappa: You disagree?

Jenell: I think that after you're a groupie, and after the excitement, that I got to know the people, *not as well as I could, because I was young*, but we talked to you a lot, and I think I got, just by meeting *older people* and *people of a group with different ideas*—I think we got a lot out of it.

Annie: We were labeled as groupies, like little kids that run around *screaming for you* instead of wanting to *be with you*, just because *you're you*.

Cynthia: Now we know you.

Now I can talk to Don seriously and things, and you and Ray. But *then*, you know, it was a different story, because *then* we were the *groupies that ran around screaming*. That's what happens. You say "*raging*," and that's why, I didn't want to *rage* anymore because I wanted to be—did you ever see like Gail *raging* into the microphone screaming about *nymphomania* or one of Ray's girlfriends or somebody like Jim's wife—**Zappa:** And that's why you stopped?

Cynthia: Because I wanted to be like *that*. I didn't want to be *raging* around like a little teenage girl. I wanted to be like a *mature woman* like *they are*.

Zappa: I think that by stopping, you really hurt yourself, because I felt the way you were *raging* in those days was a *very artistic* thing.

Cynthia: Yeah. I realized that later.

Zappa: Too bad you can't get back *into* it.

Cynthia: *Then*, it was so

neurotic with me and I was always so *nervous*, and it was just like a *neurotic crazed thing* to keep talking like that, and every time I started to do it, I *didn't like it*. I didn't like being the *center of attention* and *screaming and raging* like that.

Jenell: But it was good for your ego, though.

Cynthia: But I loved being with you, you know, being with the Mothers, it was such a *thing*, like seeing the shows and everything.

Annie: And we see you now again, and you bring back all the memories of when we were like little *raging groupies* and *today*, I was telling Cynthia how I walked near my old neighborhood and *they knew me* when I was *this high*. Frank knew me when I was *this high*, so like it's strange, they still knew us when we were like little kids.

Jenell: Another of the things is the music, because I really like the music, but now I *know you*, I can get *into* it more, whereas when I first

heard it I said, "*Wow, it's the Mothers and look what he's saying!*" Now I say, "*Wow, it's someone I know and it's a friend, now look what he's saying.*"

Annie: I went to see Big Brother yesterday and I saw them as a *show*, like they were putting on the show for me, but I didn't know them *personally*, so it was *missing something*, and once it misses that *link*, like, it doesn't *bring anything*, but now if I see the Mothers, I'll really enjoy it more because I know you like *personally*. You *enjoy the music so much more*, you listen better.

Zappa: Can you tell a little about what used to go on at the Garrick Theater? What are some of your fondest memories?

Annie: There's so many. But the thing that really stands out in my mind is when you had this big discussion in between shows with me, Rossie and Jenell and Annie. You were all sitting around





AH, SWEET BRAIN DAMAGE:
Gals from the 1969 documentary, *Groupies*.

the floor in the dressing room, and we were talking about ways people masturbate, and then Ritchie Havens walked in and Rossie screamed out, "Hey Ritchie, how do you masturbate?" because everybody was talking about how they masturbate, and it blew his mind. And I remember your press-agent person. Wow, he told me to "Rage for me," and I couldn't start raging and have it come natural, you know, and he was so flipped out when we started saying that.

Jenell: He didn't bother me. He was harmless. He was explaining to me how to make love. It was interesting.

Zappa: He was explaining to you?

Jenell: He like took all our hands and wiped them across his stomach and goes, "This is how you'll make love and this is how you'll make love and—"

Annie: It was so insane, like he took our hands and said this line means this and I'll

show you how you're going to make love to this person and it was just like the gypsies do on Coney Island.

Zappa: What were some of the other interesting events?

Annie: Oh, there was that other thing about how much we disliked our parents, but we brought it out in such a way that we could laugh about it. Like sometimes we could talk like this girl. She was really harassed, her father started beating her up and beating on her mother and she was eighteen years old, still living home! We thought that was absurd in the first place. We thought she was sixteen years old. But like we became groupies with you. We weren't paranoid or anything to say we disliked our parents because of this, this and that. We just brought it out. We might have brought it out in different ways, like call them "Willie the Pimp."

Zappa: Tell about Willie the Pimp.

Annie: Oh, he's insane now.

There's no doubt about it.

Zappa: Who is Willie the Pimp?

Annie: He's my stepfather and he tripped over my little brother's bike and he broke his arm way before the summer, right? So he had his arm broken, and the first few weeks was like, "Huh, huh, huh, I broke my arm." But now, it's insane, because he had it on for well over a month and a half, and it's like he's realizing that he's getting old now, because he's helpless, like he had one less arm, and now he's going completely insane. Yells about everything, goes b-e-r-serk for the littlest thing—like if Petie didn't buy him milk one morning, he beat the hell out of Petie.

Jenell: He's also jealous because your brothers have youth and he doesn't.

Annie: Yeah. It's the jealousy thing. It all has to do with his childhood and how he was brought up, to want to take the things out on us. But he's raging berserkly now. My mother says, "The man's crazy, keep away from him. Look at his arm, he's helpless, he realizes he's getting old, keep away from him," but how could I ignore someone saying, "Son-of-a-bitch, he did this one, he did that one—"

I told him that I did something and that I was happy for doing it: "I'm happy now, I don't care what you think." "You're happy? I'm more happy than anyone," he says. Meanwhile, he's sitting there completely miserable, telling me that he's more happy than the whole house put together, he has more intelligence than the whole house put together and he's sitting there, "You son-of-a-bitch, you're a schmuck and you're a schmuck" and nothing nice about people 'cause all people are shitty to him. I try to explain to him that they're not, you know, it's just how you take it.

Zappa: Why do you call him Willie the Pimp?

Annie: This perverted hotel

in Coney Island, the Lido Hotel: We made up this story about my mother calling up Willie telling him where a woman whose body shapes are twenty-eight, twenty-five, forty or some bizarre shape, blond hair and all decked out insanely and told him to meet us in front of the Lido Hotel. We'll see him like casually be at the house at this certain time and we'll know that he's leaving to meet this woman that's not going to be there. Then we'll have my mother walk by and see how she's going to take it, right? Like "What are you doing here, you've got to get away." How's he going to tell my mother that he's going to meet this broad? So we made him a pimp. Then he got to pimp my mother off and then he tried to pimp us off.

Zappa: What are the fantasies you have about your parents?

Cynthia: My parents I don't have to fantasize about, they're so insane. I showed my father a picture of Hendrix, you know, on the first album cover, and I said I think he's really great, I think he's really gorgeous, just to see his reaction, and he took the album and the Jewish book where they have all the Jewish stuff and everything, and he seriously got down on his knees and said "Please God, let her go to heaven anyway. If she's going to go to hell for that, let me go to hell for that, please!" And he really thought seriously that that's a thing that you can be put in hell for! And like the "Two Roads" thing.

Zappa: "Two Roads"?

Cynthia: Well, my father had this speech that would express exactly how he felt about me and my brother turning into hippies. This is how he'd say it: "Cynthia, Mark: There are two roads. One road, you can be the dirty hippie, goddamn hippie, be a creep, you don't want to join the army, you lay in your bed with cockroaches all day long and

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you sit on your cellar steps and you think that's happiness. You drop out of school, you grow your hair crazy, kinked up ten inches off your head; beard, mustache, I'm so ashamed of you, you go in the elevator, the Thompson boys, they're crazy, who knows what they do all night long in the Village with groups with the long hair, they're horrible, they should be arrested for it... But, there's another road and there's hope for you. Be a good boy, go back to school, cut your hair, you can go with nice Jewish girls, I'll give you an allowance, you can have the car, take them to the movies, you can wear diamond jewelry, anything. You'll be a good boy. Everybody will say that you menched up, menched up..."

Zappa: What does Rossie's father do?

Annie: He's a narco, and he has to go around posing as a hippie with bell-bottom pants and he teases up his hair.

Zappa: How old is he?

Annie: About fifty-five. He has a Jewish accent. He's from Europe. Somebody looked at him and thought he was from a concentration camp from the numbers he still has stamped on him. He was in Auschwitz or whatever that's called. So he has to use the drugs because he wants to find out the people that sell it—the people that he can get it from.

Zappa: So Rossie's father shoots up?

Annie: Yeah. He told her he liked speed a lot and he had to do everything to become a narco to get in with the people and you have to know where their head is. But he likes speed.

Zappa: Does he take acid too?

Cynthia: I don't know about that. He'd just go jumping out of windows. That's what my father said that Shelton did—that some creep like you gave him LSD, and that's why he jumped out of the window. A week before he was going crazy. His mother came down

to the bench where all the old people sit and was bragging because this was at the end of June when he did it, and a few days later he was going to graduate from high school and go to college on the Dean's Honor Roll and he had a job with IBM starting at nine thousand dollars a year and he was engaged to a nice Jewish girl. My parents came up and they were saying, "Why don't you be like him, he's such a good boy, I'm so jealous of his mother," and going crazy like that, and a week later she came up and found out that Shelton committed suicide—jumped out of a sixteenth-floor window.

Jenell: He was drunk, then some creep gave him acid.

Zappa: A good Jewish boy?

Cynthia: Right. He couldn't have. He was a success. That's what my parents said. Somebody that successful couldn't have done it of their own free will, because he was such a happy boy.

Annie: With my parents, I can't even bring someone in my house.

Zappa: Where do you go?

Annie: Someone else's house. Jenell's parents are the most fantastic. Her parents just really understand. Like I was going with this spade cat, and I brought him around where I live and it was all over like, "Who's that monster she's bringing around with her?" They went insane. And then there were younger people on the beach. This was really disgusting. I was walking on the beach with him and, this was just awhile ago, and people looked—it was a thing to see, and we got to this bay where there were younger people, you know? All of a sudden, these really bastards started screaming "You nigger, nigger," and beating him up and they threw big sticks at us and they said like, "How could a white person lower themselves to a black person?" and all this bullshit, and so this girl came over to me and

she punched me in the mouth, I had black and blue this big on my mouth.

One thing that was cool about it was the older people stood up for us and said, "Let them do what they want to." They thought it was disgusting when they first saw us, but once they see someone go violent, beating us up and everything, they stood up for us and said, "Let them do what they want, they're young. What do you give a shit what's going on in her life? She might love black people, why are you putting it down and everything?" And these people, they were all from gangs, from 1955, they were still in the gang, drinking beer, and now they're all junkies. It was really a messed-up scene. And I brought him around where I live and my parents would never—no matter what he looked like, and he was really freaky looking, that's one thing, but even if he wasn't freaky looking, just a colored boy, they wouldn't let me bring him up to the house. My parents are completely insane.

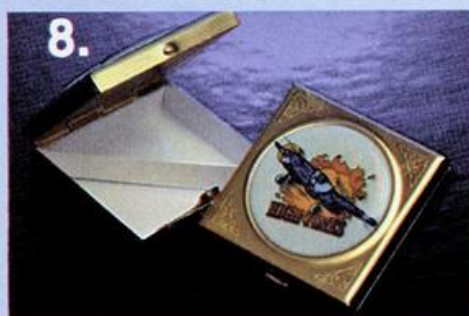
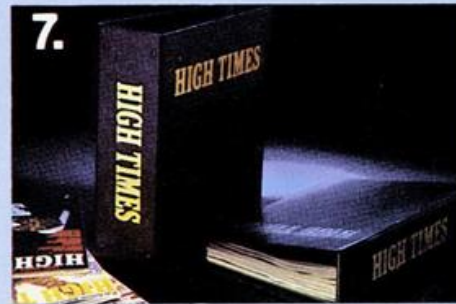
Cynthia: My father once bought a gun because I went to see the Electric Flag in November. It was Thanksgiving and they were at the Bitter End, and I saw Herbie and he's a spade and has hair way kinked up about ten inches off his head, and like we met him outside the show and we were talking to him awhile and he was so cool. This is how he talked: He said, "Hello girls, I'd like to introduce myself. My name is Herbie and you saw me on stage," and he starts talking like that and he says, "Girls, do you want to come to a party with me?" He was talking like that and we were really laughing.

Annie: He has an insane look and he has a strange look in his eye. He says, "Let me see what I can do for you girls. Would you like to come to a party tomorrow night?" He was beautiful, but he was like so

bizarre, but we didn't want to start the groupie thing again. We got over that. Why be the groupie thing? And that's when we refused to go to the party. Because it's just like ridiculous, you go to the party, you fuck with them, but you have no relationship after that. Which we thought by that time was completely absurd, just like fucking and goodbye and just splitting. There should be something that is still there, a certain love for each other, and we didn't want to do the groupie thing with Herbie or any of the Electric Flag. I worship Mike Bloomfield for the guitar, you know, I think he's a fantastic guitarist, and I love watching him play because he really shows his expression, and so does B.B. King. I don't know them personally, but I won't go into the groupie thing with them. All I can do is say, "Wow, he's great, he does something really fantastic, but that doesn't mean I owe him something because he's so fantastic." **Jenell:** The reason why we can't make that scene anymore is because we used to think then that, wow, you can be in a group and somebody else can have no musical talent, but they could be the same guy and they could give you the same love and everything that I want, no matter if they're in a group or not. Being in a group is just another job, and the only purpose for that other job is that it's entertainment, and I'll go watch a concert because it's great entertainment, but it's no more of a thing like you're a better guy or that you'd be better to have as a boyfriend than a plumber, because they can give me exactly what I want from them, the same love that I want. Like fourteen-year-olds, what are they most interested in? It's showing other fourteen-year-old girls that they have the best boyfriend. Now, we don't care as long as we have them for ourselves. □

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Cranked-up jungle narcs have the ugliest names, but that's still no excuse for pumping bullets into a pot pilot's face.

THE ROAD TO ALBEMARLE

Part I of a dope novella by Dean Latimer.

The big old twin-engine Lockheed Lodestar was barely a pinpoint in the Atlantic midafternoon haze when Elinor Henderson had Huey Reel crank up the ancient Dodge pickup into first. "They've come all the way up from La Guajira on two tanks," she was fretting. "And this island's probably not on their charts. And even if it is, it won't be marked for a landing strip. They'll have no chance for a look-and-see before they put down. They're liable to crash. Oh Jesus. Oh, Jesus."

Huey was a little tickled to see Elinor Henderson turning antsy like this as the move came up to the pucker-point finally. Elinor Henderson was *never* antsy. The frostiest bitch at the country club, Elinor Henderson was, the 40ish widow in real estate who never gave nothing up to nobody, but managed to distribute *lust* around to everybody. Everybody. The cocktail waitress Huey was balling there that summer liked to fantasize about a threesome with Elinor Henderson.

"The engine's coughing. I can hear it." Elinor Henderson poked her tightly bunned head out of the pickup window and craned to listen above the clanking motor. "They've got engine trouble. Oh, Jesus. They'll be *killed*!"

"Which engine?" Huey repressed a chuckle. The Lodestar was doing fine from the looks of it, slanting down level-winged into an approach, flirting skillfully with stall speed.

"Can't tell. Both, maybe. Or neither." Elinor Henderson looked over at him, eyes huge and concerned behind the polarized lenses. "What if they crash? Didn't we bring a *fire extinguisher*, at

least, for God's sake? A *first-aid kit*? Oh Jesus look, they're *banking*. They're going away! They can't *make it*!"

The blue-and-white dope plane flashed like a big fish in the sun as the pilot slid her around the little island for a cautious, professional look-and-see, and then lined back up with the north-northwest concrete strip. "It's okay, Mrs. Henderson," Huey soothed. "See? The undercarriage is coming down."

"You packed those holes in the paving tight with cinders, didn't you? Really tight." God, for somebody who'd just put the best part of a hundred grand in a batch of marijuana and *Quaaludes*, Elinor Henderson was turning into a regular mother hen. The last thing you'd expect. When Huey's local Atlanta weed dealer had told him three days ago that he could make a couple thousand dollars by off-loading a dope shipment, and Huey mustered with a bunch of other big, husky young kids in a motel parking lot that night, he'd expected a mess of hairy old hippies to show up, or maybe some sleek New York City mafiosi. When the oily black limo hummed up, though, who stepped out of it but Elinor Henderson, while some huge, many-chinned meatball held the door. Elinor Henderson in sables and silk, too, dressed for bloody murder: more intimidating than a whole squad of dagos with tommy guns. Of course, she'd plucked Huey, her favorite club busboy, out of the mob, and designated him for what she called "special security." He'd hardly been out of her earshot ever since, sprucing up this little island airstrip off the Georgia coast. He was a good

worker, anyhow, and then again, he was the only one in the off-load crew who knew Elinor Henderson's real name wasn't "Miss Cartwright."

"They made it. God in heaven." Elinor huffed out a long gust of honest relief as the wheels squawked against the ground; she eased back half a second, then shaped straight back to form. "Now scoot us out to the pumps and let's get these clowns back in the air and be done with it."

Elinor Henderson's new aviation fuel pumps were the only new artifacts on the strip, which may have dated back to World War II: an eighth-mile of cracked, corroded, crumbling concrete lying across this little crust of sand and rock that disturbed the surf in the middle of the slate gray ocean. Ancient chunks of military machinery, fashioned by uncountable hurricanes to the texture of moon rock, were stewn liberally around the strip, and a few crooked gray palings indicated the sites of the long-ago hangar, control tower and Quonsets. Huey had not really had to do much work for the strip itself, which was in deceptively good shape, assuming the incoming aviator was properly cautious and surefooted. Obviously, this place had been used for dope-runs before. Or guns, or cold-war secret agents, or God knows what all, and probably all of the above, Huey had decided. He sort of liked the place, and he meant to be sure to litter it up again properly before they loaded the dope on the big barge tethered to the old steel pier, and left forever.

He never got the chance. The navigator came scrambling out of his side of

the Lodestar's cabin, the prop-dust still tumbling around the plane, waving a .38 at them and howling in rage. "What the hell is *this*? Who the hell are *you*? What in the *hell* is going on?"

Elinor Henderson was wonderfully cool. "You are Carlson, the chart man. Do you know what my name is?"

"Woman, I never heard of this *place*, until they radioed me a half hour ago to switch course and put down here." This guy Carlson was about the hairiest old hippie Huey had ever *seen*, like Free-wheelin' Frank in the comic strips; his nose-hairs ran down into his mustache, even, and he could have *sat* on his scraggy off-blond ponytail. He wore a flat black wide-brimmed slouch hat, and lemon shades and combat boots. And altogether, with the custom-wooded .38 and the palpable sizzle of far too much methamphetamine humming out of his body like an overcharged power line, this Carlson was definitely the most *dangerous* human being Huey had so far encountered in 20 years of life.

"Put your idiot piece back in your pants where it belongs," Elinor rebuked him, gracefully sliding out of her door. "This is Huey," she explained. "Huey's going to fill *one* of your tanks with gas, and then take off my part of the load, and then you can finish your run to Albemarle Sound. Huey, you can get on the stick now, okay?"

"*Albemarle*?" the hippie squawked. "I'm charting for Pamlico Sound, not Albemarle. Albemarle's fifty miles *north* of Pamlico, and I've got the tanks measured to the drop."

"Which is why Huey is giving you a whole tank of new fuel," Elinor reasoned rather condescendingly, as Carlson finally did tuck his gun in the back of his belt, under his red suede vest. The pilot, a blond, fat man in his 50s, watched from the cockpit with a numbed, exhausted expression while Huey unlimbered the big canvas fuel hose and got briskly to work.

Elinor Henderson set a brown briefcase on the hood of the pickup and flipped it open. "These are your new charts for Albemarle, Mr. Carlson," she was explaining. "Mr. Schulman has switched the drop from Pamlico up to this little cove on the Albemarle north shore, see? With the new tank, and minus the three thousand five hundred

pounds of marijuana and eighty kilos of Quaaludes I'm taking off here, you can make it with plenty of gas to spare."

Somehow, Carlson got even more paranoid. "What are we taking off here? Who the *hell* switched the drop site, and who the *hell* gives you authority to take anything off this plane? Who are you, lady?"

"Forgive me," soothed Elinor, opening her alligator shoulder bag and fishing inside it. "I imagine you only know Mr. Schulman, who contracted for this load in La Guajira, by some shortwave code handle. Well, never mind my name, but—"

"Abra," broke in Carlson.

"I beg your pardon."

"Abra. That's the code handle. The guy's real name is Schulman?"

"Abra. My God. And *your* code handle, up in the plane here, is Cadabra, Carlson. Right?"

"How'd you know?" snarled Carlson, all methedrine suspicion.

"A lucky stab, I guess." Elinor shook her head a moment, then held up a diagonally sliced half of a crisp, new dollar bill. "That elegant sort of code work fits in neatly with the rest of Artie Schulman's smuggling *modus operandi*. You have the other half of this dollar bill, which he gave you in La Guajira, don't you?"

Carlson produced half a bill from his shirt pocket. "Same serial number," he affirmed. "But this is *nuts*. Why'd he change the route? Why'd he change the *drop zone*, for God's sake? Who is this guy? Who are *you*?"

Elinor stepped back for a long, measuring look. "You know, for an experienced narcotics-smuggling navigator, you ask a *lot* of personal questions about your employers."

That put Carlson's fire up. "Hey, lady, *my* ass is on the line here a lot more than *yours*. You just put up the bread and take the drugs, and it's no skin off *your* ass if I run into a posse of narcs at the end of the pipe. When a deal gets this hinky, I got a *right* to know a few things, or I might best just dump the dope in the ocean. You *want* me to dump your dope in the ocean, lady?"

Elinor Henderson's elegant brow was knitting in meditation. "And you would never get another dope run after you got back to Riohacha," she thought out

loud, without looking up at him. Huey, who'd been about to go in and unbuckle the loading hatch, paused by the open, fragrant navigator's door. "That's if Schulman wouldn't actually send some of his boys down there to deal with you *permanently*, after you'd dumped all his dope in the ocean."

"Hey, lady. Don't threaten *me*."

"I'm not threatening, I'm *thinking*," she clarified, beginning to count off imaginary points on her fingertips. "Artie said he'd never heard of you before, but you were really stupid, and knew the route, and came really cheap. Osvaldo up there—" she gestured toward the pilot, who was dozing now on his crossed forearms—"didn't want to fly with you because he didn't like your speed vibes, but he owes so much money to Artie that he *had* to. And now you're absolutely panicking over a changed drop zone—which is nothing *new* in this business, but which *would* bother a *narc* a whole lot, if he'd set up a—a 'posse of heat at the end of the pipe,' you said?"

Huey's belly suddenly became a very fragile crystal fishbowl full of extremely cold, live fish, when Elinor Henderson tilted her shades up to peer apologetically at him over Carlson's shoulder. "And he's guilt-tripping us *exactly* like a narc would, Huey. Sorry about this."

"*Damn!*" The narc Carlson flung himself around, twisting wildly, far away from Elinor Henderson, and came back around in a taut killer crouch with his piece in both hands before him. Huey looked straight down into it for an endless instant, while a round clicked emphatically into its chamber, and then it trained around to cover Elinor, who was standing perfectly relaxed with both hands in plain view; then the narc trained it up to the pilot, who was looking out of the wind screen aghast. "*Police!*" Carlson barked from under the sinister Mexican slouch. "You're all under arrest, don't anybody move. Don't move a *hair*, or you're *dead!*"

"I'm not armed," said Elinor pleasantly. "Neither is Huey. Stupid, I know. But I'd been expecting to deal with honest, ordinary, everyday, run-of-the-mill criminals." Still Carlson was stuck in his lethal killer crouch, trembling, eyes glittery and broad-pupiled with meth

behind the lemon shades, obviously trying to plot out his next safe move. At length, Elinor Henderson gave him an assist. "Your job now," she said, "is to properly identify yourself, so that we're *sure* you're not really just another narcotics gangster like us, whom we could murder with impunity, as he deserved."

The gun stayed steady, precisely halfway between Huey and Elinor, as the narc fished down with his right hand for a long time in the bulge where his corduroy leg met his combat boot. Presently, he produced the brown leather pocket secretary, which flopped the gold badge into view. "Drug Enforcement Administration," he snapped. "Special Agent David Zignatowski. You have the right to remain silent, if you give up the—oh *shit!* Osvaldo!"

The pilot's head had dipped nearly out of view, and ripping, popping sounds were coming from the cabin. "You son of a *bitch!*" shrieked Zignatowski, dashing straight past Huey to the open navigator door. "You leave the radio *alone*, asshole! Leave it alone, or I'll—"

BLAM! The gun went off, straight into the cabin, where Zignatowski had pointed it. It just went off in his hand, Huey thought. It just went off in the fucker's hand.

"Oh, for God's sake!" cried Elinor Henderson, dashing from the truck to the plane. "You *shot* him!"

"He was going for a gun. The bastard was going for a *gun!*" Zignatowski blurted in shock and self-defense, as Elinor elbowed his smoking pistol out of the way and hoisted herself into the cabin. "We have guns in the map box. He was reaching for the guns in the—"

"Well, don't tell *me* about your fucking *guns* in here, you *idiot!*" snapped Elinor Henderson from inside the plane. "Jesus Christ, you shot him in the *face!* Huey, help me get him out of here."

"Be careful," warned the glitter-eyed narc, leveling his pistol barrel close to Huey's ear as he approached the open navigator's door.

"You just go fuck yourself," said Huey softly, straight into his face. "Just go and fuck yourself." At that moment he could feel nothing but contempt, and an awful kind of blunt, numb sadness. Huey had shot plenty of woodchucks

and rabbits, growing up in the Smokies, but he'd only seen people use guns on other people in the movies.

The inside of the plane was so thick with the moldy-hayseed reek of raw marijuana, that he couldn't smell the gunpowder smoke, even though the cabin was full of it. Elinor Henderson, cradling the pilot's head in one arm, had somehow angled his legs over the navigator's seat toward the door. Huey wrapped his arms around the man's knees to hoist them up, then set them gently back down when one leg began vibrating, *strumming* in a weird way.

"Where's he shot?" he asked, gently edging her jacket sleeve from the man's blood-smeared face.

"I don't know. It's all blood."

"Just above the mouth." Huey found the little entry crease under the left nostril, which was hardly bleeding at all, compared to all the blood sluicing out of Osvaldo's mouth all over his orange vinyl jacket. "Probably it bounced off his hard palate and took and stuck in his cervical vertebrae. His legs are convulsing," he explained, thumbing back an eyelid to show a pinned blue iris staring straight ahead. "He's in deep shock, ma'am. You all make sure you keep his head *exactly* in line with his spine while we ease him out, okay? That bullet shifts much, he well could be paralyzed from the neck down for life."

Elinor was astonished. "I thought you were a busboy," she grunted as they shifted the dead weight to the door. "Not a paramedic."

"No ma'am. It's just a summer job. I'm in second year premed at—"

"Shut up," she hissed, glancing significantly at Zignatowski as they eased Osvaldo down full-length on the concrete next to the plane. His throat began a deep, liquid gurgle, and Huey quickly tore off his own Levi's jacket and bundled it into a ball. "Poor fellow's gonna choke on his own blood, if'n we don't get him over on his side. You tuck this little pillow deal under his head, ma'am, nose downward, and make *sure* it don't tip to one side, okay?"

Osvaldo's eyes fluttered open briefly, impossibly pale blue, when they'd got him over on his side. "*Madre de Dios,*" he sputtered weakly, a shattered top tooth flipping out of his lips on a fresh

"Madre de Dios,"
he sputtered, a
shattered tooth
flipping out of
his lips on a
fresh sluice
of blood.

sluice of blood. "*Porqué?...*"

"*Tranquilo, Osvaldo,*" warned Elinor gently, clasping the hand he tried to move up to his neck. She and Huey flashed relief together: His *arms* weren't paralyzed. "*Recuéstate, Osvaldo. Ten mucha calma, y no te muevas. Quédate tranquilo en un punto, mientras conseguimos ayuda, Osvaldo. Sí, di tus oraciones.*"

She hooked out the tiny silver crucifix he'd been reaching for, eased the rosary chain off over the back of his close-cropped head and put it in his hand. "*Ave Maria, madre de Dios, el Señor está contigo,*" he slurred indistinctly, eyes closing. "*Bendito sea tu nombre entre las mujeres...*" It subsided to a murmuring bubble in the crimson pouring out through his lips.

They stood up. "Lovely police work," Elinor Henderson told the narc. "Your damned map box is under the manifold way over on *this* side of the cabin, nowhere *near* the pilot's seat. And I'll testify to that!"

"Shut up," Zignatowski tore his eyes away from Osvaldo's continuously trembling body on the ground. "Get in the plane," he gestured with his gun. "In the back. And keep away from that map box."

There was barely any room for the two of them behind the Lodestar's control seats. The entire interior of the plane had been ripped out to make room for dope and long-distance tanks. Huey shifted a couple-four plastic bundles of *Quaaludes* from a couple of canvas-wrapped marijuana bales and eased his rather large body into this very cramped space. Elinor perched on

an oil drum, with manifest distaste.

Zignatowski, on boarding, first gathered the two .38s and the Browning automatic from the map box, dumped the clips out, and cast the clips as far away from the plane as possible. "Oh, *shit!*" he then burst out, inspecting the festoons of loose plastic coils that hung out from the shortwave. "Look what he did to the *radio*, the fucking dago bastard!"

"The one who was going for a gun when you shot his head halfway off his neck?" seethed Elinor. "*That* dago bastard?"

"He would've blown you away too, lady. No witnesses, right? These blood-thirsty dago dope-dealing scum are *animals*."

"And you're a boy scout," she said in such a sweet, soft, approving voice that Huey was afraid the cranked-out narc would blow her away too, if he didn't do something quick.

"I can fix it, sir," he said very respectfully. "In a jiffy, if you'll let me. I can see the trouble from here. Ain't much, really."

Zignatowski blinked at him. The guy was *wasted*. "You know shortwave?"

"My daddy has a boat with a unit like this," Huey lied. Actually, he was minoring in electronics at Baylor. "It's a good, sturdy set, sir. Hard to mess it up *real* bad."

"Take a shot at it then. *Wait!*" Huey was looking straight down that unpleasant gun barrel again, and this time it had been *used*. "Why would you want to fix this thing, kid? I'm gonna use it to bring every cop on the East Coast to this place."

"For God's sake, officer—special agent—whatever you people call yourselves," burst in Elinor. "You just shot a man, and he's drowning in his own *blood* out there. Huey and I want to get a *doctor* here. We can take our chances with the law, but that man's got no chance at all without a doctor, and *quick*."

"Okay, kid," agreed Zignatowski. "Get up here and get to work. The repair kit is down here beneath the manifold, see?"

The floor of the cabin was carpeted olive with marijuana seeds and stems and crushed buds, speckled with scores of stray white *Quaaludes* from some ruptured package. The repair kit was

next to a bright red portable Coca-Cola cooler, which Zignatowski unlatched as Huey began fiddling with the radio coils. The cooler was full of Budweiser cans floating in still-icy water. Zignatowski popped one and began guzzling anxiously from it, keeping a steady gaze on Elinor, who was glaring back at him fiercely.

Huey had known plenty of speed freaks at med school. A certain sort of person who has continuous access to pure, uncut, USP-grade pharmaceutical methamphetamine will pick up a few telltale traits over several years of sporadic binging, and this special agent Zignatowski manifested every single trait in the book. When one is on the crumbly edge of toxic psychosis after a good, long, high-dose crank run, Huey knew, beer is *just* the ideal mild trunk for easing off the invisible skin-bugs and weird noises. Zignatowski knew it too, from the sound of his desperate but careful guzzling.

"Whoof," he breathed, wiping his broad mustaches as he crushed the can and pitched it out the cabin door. "You really *are* just a kid," he said to Huey, considerably steadier as he popped another Bud. "You're so big you look older, and anyway, you *expect* older people in this business." He shot a damning look at Elinor Henderson. "How'd she get you into this, son? She gives you drugs, huh? A little sex, a lot of drugs?"

Huey smiled all bashful, and larded his voice with stupid honeysuckle. "Miss Cartwright hasn't hardly given me *nothing* like that, sir. I don't even do no drugs. Just workin' my way through school, sir, and that's the short of it." He deftly finger-spliced a couple wires together, knowing it always favorably impresses observers to see such delicate work being done in such enormous fingers.

"Great luck for you, Cartwright." Zignatowski belted back a much steadier swallow and belched in manifest relief. "You got a fine young boy here who won't even be nipping the stock on you. Jesus, why can't you people stick with your own kind?"

"We *have* to deprave and corrupt big healthy towheaded boys," said Elinor Henderson. "That's the prime point in *any* narcotics traffic, isn't it?"

"Look, you smart-ass bitch!" Zignatowski lunged over the back of his seat to jam his .38 in her face, and Huey ducked away and down, cringing elaborately. "I really would just as soon blow your smart ass away as *not!* You keep a fucking civil *tongue* in your whore mouth, right? *Right?*"

"Sir," Huey offered after a moment's silence, from down near the floor. "I believe y'all can call out on this thing now, sir."

The narc had to kill his second Bud, ashen-faced, and pop a third before the shaking subsided. The man was *wired*. This speed freak was cranked up tighter than the mainspring on a 12-day Bavarian cuckoo clock.

"Okay, boy, thanks," he said at length. "What's your name, anyhow? Any identification on you?"

"Nosir. Miss Cartwright said be *sure* not to carry any I.D. cards on her dope run. But my name's Timmy Butler. From Athens. My dad owns two movie theaters there." The real Timmy Butler from Athens, whose father did own two cinemas there, had stolen a ki of collector's-item sinsemilla out of the communal stash in Huey's frat a few days before, and was dealing it out of his own house.

"Well, your father's not going to be happy about this stunt, Timmy," Zignatowski remarked, fitting on a headset around his ponytail and fiddling with the wave band while the unit warmed up. "This your first dope run, boy?"

"Y'sir. Most likely my last too, I imagine." He chuckled quite ruefully, and then said, "Sir? Mr. Zignatowski?"

"Yeah?"

"The inside of my mouth's gone all cotton, somehow. I sure would fancy a swallow of your beer, sir. If you wouldn't mind. I sure would be obliged," he said, putting a crick in his throat.

"Sure. Here, kill it."

"Oh, not all of it, sir," Huey protested gratefully, accepting the chilled can, three-quarters full. "Just a swallow. Miss Cartwright says no drinking on her dope run, anyhow."

"Jesus Christ. Marijuana and methaqualone by the long *ton*, but no boozing. Terrific example for a kid, Cartwright. You really do suck dog dick, y'know?"

"And you really *are* a boy scout."

This old hippie narc had just instinctively struck up a *swell* relationship with Elinor Henderson. He never even looked at the beer can Huey handed back to him. He kept his wide-pupiled glare pinned on Elinor as he belted down the remainder of the Budweiser in it—along with the three stray bootleg Quaaludes that Huey had crumbled into it between his fingertips, very delicately and finely. He made a sour face and a mean mouth when he brought the can down, but Huey was already pressing a fresh one onto him: "Here, sir. That last can tasted more like *ale* to me, sir."

"God knows what sort of poison Anheuser-Busch exports to Colombia anyhow," the narc grouched. Then, having zeroed in on some secret narco wavelength, he began talking code into the microphone, and raised a response after a few minutes.

"Operation Marlin," said the voice. "Proceed."

It all made rather less than no sense to Huey: numbers, letters, lots of Greek, and ancient Vietnam usages like "Delta Tango Charlie," which went on and on, with only monosyllabic replies from the other end. Huey realized that narcs are surely as paranoid as dope movers about having their secret shortwave transmitters triangulated onto by unauthorized eavesdroppers.

Toward the end of it, Zignatowski was already slurring his sibilants consistently, and pausing now and then to capture his thoughts, which still came out backward sometimes. It finally caused the transmitting narc to break into an uncharacteristic stretch of plain English.

"No copy, Tango Foxtrot. Again, no copy on the state of your gunshot wound. How bad are you hurt, Tango Foxtrot."

"Sshit. It'ss snot *me* whosshe—whooshe—*sshot*, Tango Charlie. It'ss a *sshussp*—a *sshussp*—one of the *defendants*, Tango Charlie. Repeat. A *defendant* has been *ss-sh-wounded*."

Zignatowski was still frowning at the microphone, wondering how come it wouldn't clearly transmit the words "suspect" or "shot," when Elinor Henderson gently took his gun away from him. He finally looked up at her when she took the microphone away too.

"Oh for the sake of Jesus H. Christ," he then said quite precisely and clearly, and closed his eyes, and eased his chin down onto his chest, and went very gently and sweetly to much-needed sleep. Alcohol and methaqualone have a *most* sublime synergy in the nervous system of a strung-out crank monster.

"This is one of the suspects on the wire, Tango Charlie," Elinor crooned in purest Tokyo Rose. "Your special agent here just went on the *nod*, because he's done too many *drugs*. Repeat, Tango Charlie: *nod! Drugs!* And he gave up his *gun*, too, without physical threat even. But he'll be fine in about fourteen hours, Tango Charlie. But the poor unarmed guy he *shot*, in cold blood—repeat, cold blood—is going to *die*, if you don't get a medical helicopter out here right away. You copy, Tango Charlie? Right *now!*"

"Copy, Tango Foxtrot. But we need the coordinates yet. What *exactly* is your location, Foxtrot?"

"Trot it up your foxy ass, Charlie. Good afternoon." And Elinor Henderson switched off the set entirely, and climbed over the seats into Huey's lap, and locked her elbows together around the back of his neck, and administered a slathersome half-minute vampire kiss that fairly vacuumed out the inside of his whole head. "My, my," she snickered afterward, looking slyly down at where her butt rested on his crotch: "I seem to have grown a foot or two in the last minute or so."

Blinking back the fancy new lights in his retina, Huey stammered, "But—y'see—if they don't know the *coordinates*, ma'am, it'll take them lots longer to get a medical crew here. And Osvaldo—"

"They know the coordinates perfectly well," snorted Elinor, climbing over the snoring, drooling, hairy lump that had been Special Agent David Zignatowski. "I have a tracking beam into that mobile station twenty-four hours a day coming up to a dope move, and I know their damned codes better than they do. He not only told them exactly where we are, but he described Miss Cartwright and Timmy Butler down to our underwear. We have to haul ass out of here, my fair-haired young boy. This bastard's called in a jet helicopter full of National Guard on us. And a *television*

...Elinor administered a slathersome half-minute vampire kiss...

news crew!"

Together they eased Zignatowski down onto the runway next to Osvaldo, who had stabilized in profound surgical coma: racy pulse, Huey determined, deathly cold skin, pupils severely pinned but equal, respiration shallow but mainly regular, lips dark blue. The bleeding had subsided greatly, thanks to the surgical shock. "No obvious brain damage," he told Elinor. "If they get some blood in him quick, he ought to make it."

Elinor Henderson was professionally frisking the slobbering narc. "Actually, if you knew Osvaldo, and some of the things he's done as a coke-mob enforcer in Jackson Heights in Queens—" She made a deeply revulsive noise. "He really was reaching for the guns, I'm quite sure. I just wanted to make that schitzed-out crank freak suspect *maybe* he was seeing things. Ah, here we are."

"You're lifting his whole set of cop identification, ma'am?"

"Both sets," she said proudly, showing him a bright black shield wallet. "See? He's *really* FBI, this Special Agent Zignatowski. Two for the price of one jerk-off. These things can come in very handy, and in the most surprising places. Now strap in and let's *get*," she ordered briskly, all business, retrieving her brown briefcase full of charts from the hood of the old pickup truck.

"You can fly a Lodestar, Mrs. Henderson?"

"I can fly anything from a hang glider to a Lear jet, Brighteyes. And you can call me Elinor now, when we're not in public."

NEXT MONTH: "Albemarle Part II"

S. CLAY WILSON: A PORTFOLIO

The brilliant and mythic underground cartoonist explains how he breathes, and unleashes a major, new collection of Felching Vampires, Rotting Zombies and Space Dykes.



S. Clay Wilson is best remembered by most of us for his lovable, low-life, 'cross-the-tracks back-alley cartoon characters like Ruby the Dyke, the Checkered Demon and Captain Pissgums and his Pervert Pirates, not to mention my own personal favorites, like Star-Eyed Stella or the Hog Ridin' Fools. But Wilson's an artist—his one-man show at the Museum of the Surreal and Fantastique in New York City (from which we've culled a few examples for your hairy eyeballs) left little doubt that the pioneer Zap cartoonist is a delineator of decadence in the baroque style of Aubrey Beardsley, packing the psychological wallop of Hieronymus Bosch.

Wilson and his lady friend, the Mitz, were in town to open his show, and we rapped over coffee and donuts, beer after beer and random lines of our favorite poisons. . .

HIGH TIMES: How ya doin'?
S. CLAY: Hot. Hungover. Tired.

HIGH TIMES: So, Wilson, now that you've gone from Zap to Jump Start to the gallery scene, what's new?
S. CLAY: Beats the dog outta me. No, I don't wanna get entirely away from the comix scene—I don't think the comix form has been fully explored yet—but I wanna do more experimental stuff a la Jump Start and various strange li'l punkette

/continued

Interview by
Joe Schenkman

These five pieces were among 140 recent Wilsons exhibited for one month at the Museum of the Surreal and Fantastique in New York. Inquiries for their purchase can be mailed to S. Clay Wilson, c/o High Times, 17 West 60th St., New York, NY 10023.

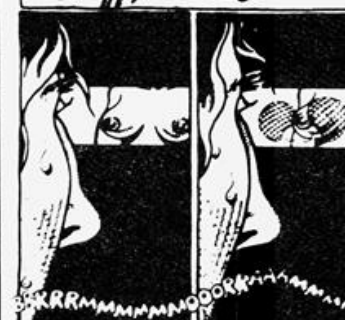
A MILLION MILES AWAY, THE CHECKERED DEMON SITS, EXAMINATING HIS HANDS AND MUMBLING



I'VE HAD FOUR FUCKIN' FINGERS ON EACH HAND ALL WEEK 'BOUT TIME FOR A CHANGE

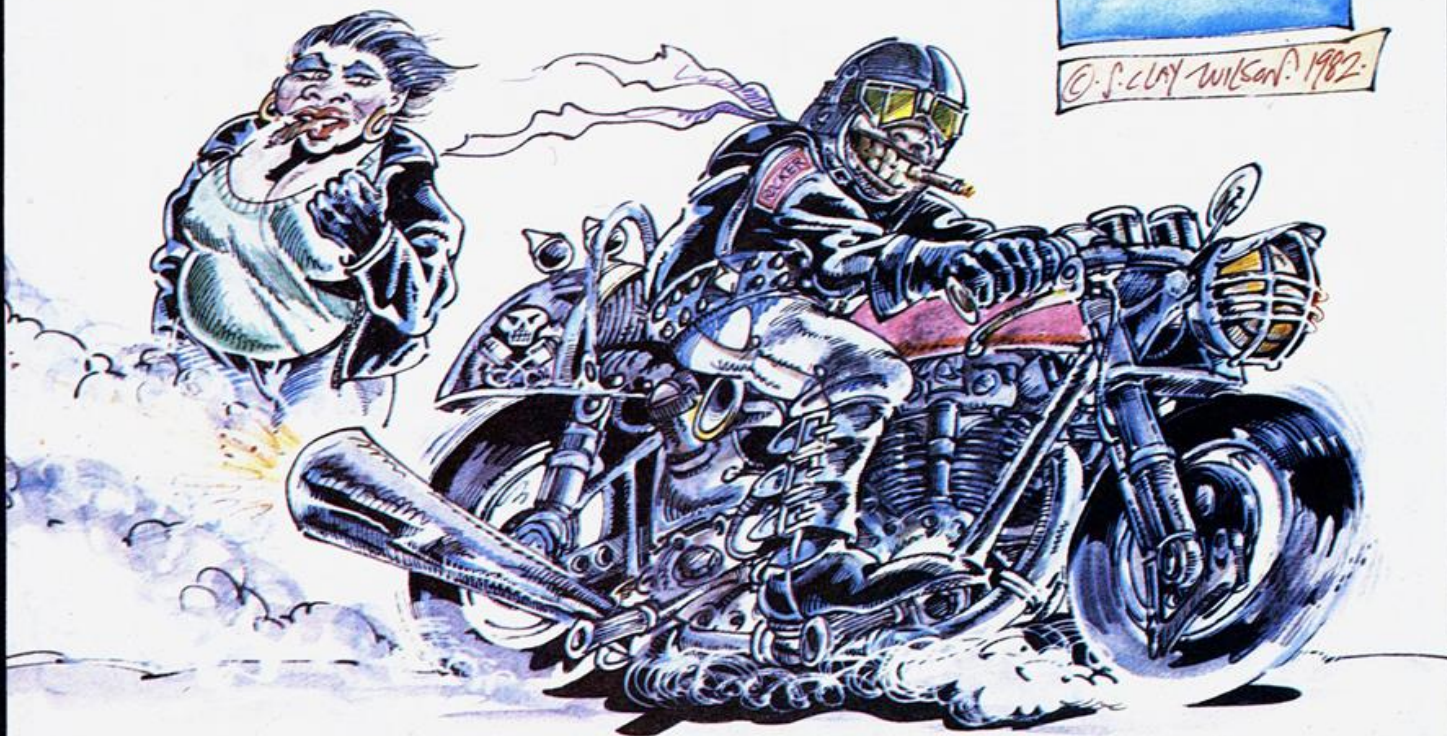


A BIT LATER, HENRIK HAD FINISHED HIS SEA AND OUT HE WENT HE AWOKE FINDING HIMSELF IN THE NORMAL MACHINE



A BIKER ROARS PAST
A HITCH-HIKING
RUBY THE DYKE...

© S. CLAY WILSON 1982



A LADY VAMPIRE FLIRTS
WITH THE CHECKERED DEMON.
© S. CLAY WILSON, JUNE 1982



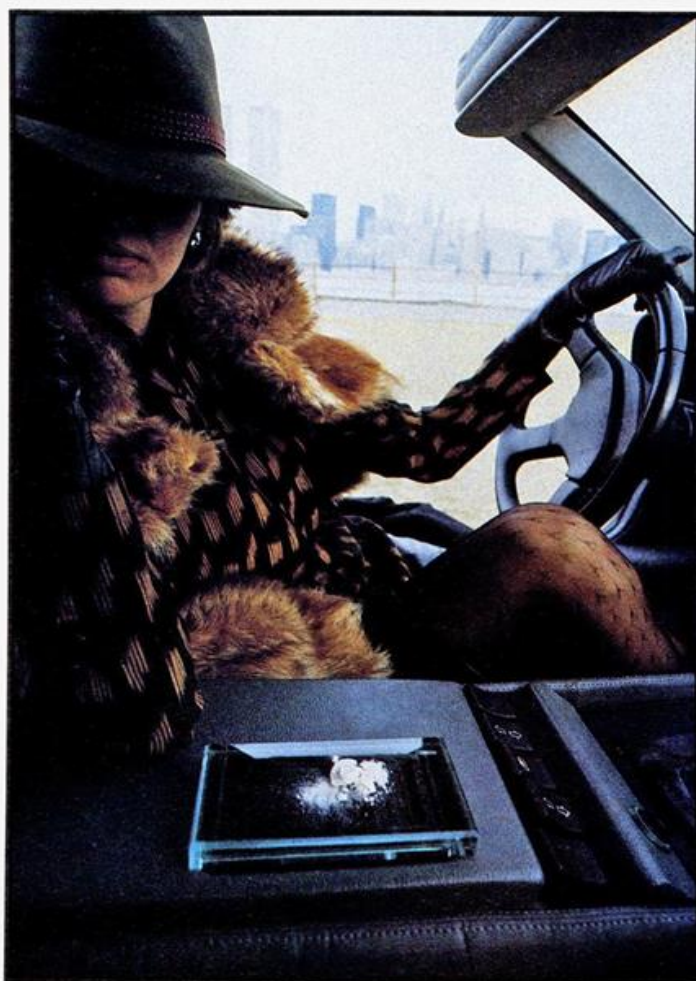




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PHOTOGRAPHS • PETER HUDSON







BLOOD AND GUTS IN HIGH SCHOOL

excerpt from Janey's diary:

THE SCORPIONS

I was running around with a wild bunch of kids and I was scared. We were part of the Scorpions.

Daddy no longer loved me. That was it.

I was desperate to find the love he had taken away from me.

My friends were just like me. They were desperate—the products of broken families, poverty—and they were trying everything to escape their misery.

Despite the restrictions of school, we did exactly what we wanted and it was good. We got drunk. We used drugs. We fucked. We hurt each other sexually as much as we could. The speed, emotional overload and pain every now and then dulled our brains. Demented our perceptual apparatus.

We knew we couldn't change the shit we were living in so we were trying to change ourselves.

I hated myself. I did everything I could to hurt myself.

I don't remember who I fucked the first time I fucked, but I must have known nothing about birth control 'cause I got pregnant. I do remember my abortion—\$190.

The orange walls were thick enough to stifle the screams pouring out of the operating room. Having an abortion was obviously just like getting fucked. If we closed our eyes and spread our legs, we'd be taken care of. They stripped us of our clothes. Gave us white sheets to cover our nakedness. Led us back to the pale green room. I love it when men take care of me.

I remember a tiny blonde, even younger than me. I guess it must have been the first time she had ever been fucked. She couldn't say anything. Whether she wanted a local or not. A "local" means a local anesthetic. They stick large hypodermics filled with novocaine in your cunt lips and don't numb where it hurts at all. A general anesthetic costs \$50 more and fills you up with synthetic morphine and truth serum. All of us gathered around her, held her hands and stroked her legs. Gradually, she began to calm down. There was nothing else to do. We had to wait while each one of us went through it. Finally they came for her.

She was the believing kind. She had believed them when they said a local wouldn't hurt. They were taking the locals first.

I'll never forget her face when she came out. She couldn't have come out of her mommy's cunt any more stunned. Her face was dead white and her eyes were fish-wide open.

"I made a mistake. Don't do it. Don't do anything they tell you to."

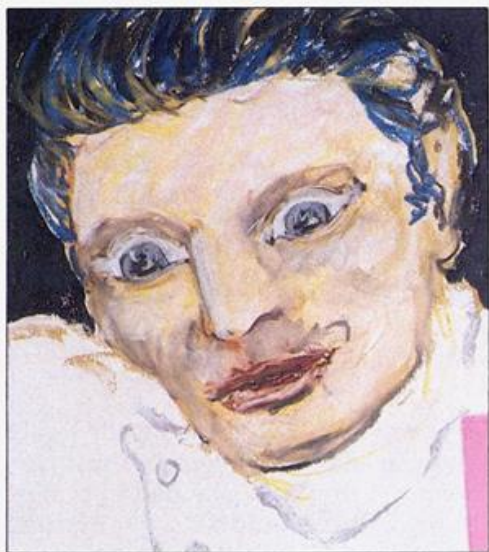
Before she could say more, they wheeled her away.

I got to like that room, the women who were more scared than I was so I could comfort them, the feeling someone was taking care of me. I felt more secure there than in the outside world. I wanted a permanent abortion.

They strapped my ankles and wrists to this black slab. When I asked the huge blond anesthesia nurse if there was any chance I'd react badly to the anesthesia, she told the other huge blond nurse I was a health-food freak. After that I didn't ask them anything, and I

*Blood and Guts in High School is a work in progress
by Kathy Acker, from which this chapter appears.*

by Kathy Acker



He killed 32 to 48 babies and netted \$1,600 to \$2,400 a day.

did exactly what they told me.

An hour later a big hand shook me and told me it was time to go. Girls were lying all around me, half dead. Blood was coming out between my legs. Another nurse gave me a piece of Kotex, a half a cup of coffee, my clothes, twenty penicillin pills and told me to get out. I didn't get to talk to any of the other girls.

Penelope Mowland was the creepiest girl in my class. Her skin was green. She was stupid. She didn't know how to kiss. She was gangly. She was an idiot. Her face was scrunched up, covered with snot, partly eyeless, and her hair was full of puke.

Miss Richard's was a school for nice, well-bred girls. We knew better than to get visibly in trouble. For months Penelope wandered through the classrooms and hallways with a larger and larger stomach. She was too stupid to know what was going on. The teachers didn't tell 'cause they were scared, or mean dykes. We didn't tell her 'cause it was fun to make her suffer.

Early one morning the janitor, an old man, found a bloody bundle in the bottom of one of the basement garbage cans. Later that day we saw that Penelope's stomach had disappeared. The principal couldn't suspend her 'cause she had to do everything she could to prevent scandal.

I couldn't figure out what birth-control method to use. Foams and diaphragm creams tasted so bad every time I got the chance to feel a tongue on my cunt, I chose the tongue. An IUD made me bleed and get PID again. There was a druggist in Harlem who'd slip me some pills every other month if I'd give him a blow-job under the counter, but once every other month

isn't enough. All the boys I fucked refused to use condoms.

I decided that if I got pregnant again, I'd stick a broken hanger up my cunt. I didn't care if I died as long as the baby died. Then I heard a story about a woman, I think it's true, who was so desperate to kill her baby she chained flatirons around her arms, legs and stomach and threw herself down three flights of stairs. Even though almost every bone in her body broke, her baby didn't die and she gave birth in traction.

I was still desperate to fuck. Abortions make it dangerous to fuck again, because they stretch out the opening of the womb so that the sperm can reach the egg real easily. They upset the hormonal system: The hormones send out many more eggs to compensate. They leave gaping holes in the womb, and any foreign object that nears these holes can cause infection.

I'm not trying to tell you about the rotgut weird parts of my life. Abortions are the symbol, the outer image, of sexual relations in this world. Describing my abortions is the only real way I can tell you pain and fear... my unstoppable drive for sexual love made me know.

My second abortion took place two months after my first abortion.

It cost \$50 because it was a menstrual extraction. The differences between a menstrual extraction and an abortion are:

In a menstrual extraction, the doctor doesn't dilate the cervix. The baby is still too small.

Since the doctor may or may not find the baby, menstrual extractions can be dangerous and they're illegal.

Most of the doctors who perform menstrual extractions are not certified M.D.'s.

The minute I entered the office, they

doped me up with Valium.

The factory line was shorter.

I actually saw the doctor.

He was the only doctor there.

He killed 32 to 48 babies and netted \$1,600 to \$2,400 a day.

He stuck his hand up my cunt and told me I was okay.

He stuck a little needle in my arm and tried to be nice to me.

A week after my second abortion I came down with a case of PID. When I called up the doctor to complain, he said it wasn't his fault and he had never heard of me.

I didn't know how much these abortions hurt me physically and mentally. I was desperate to fuck more and more so I could finally get love. Soon, my total being was on fire, not just my sex, and I was doing everything to make the nonsexual equivalent of love happen.

The rest of the Scorpions were growing the same way I was.

We started out making trouble. Early one morning we rode in a stolen van into a Connecticut town and busted into a hardware store. We threw everything in the store out the door.

Understand, we don't hate—we have to get back. Fight the dullness of shit society. Alienated robotized images. Here's your cookie, ma'am. "No" to anything but madness.

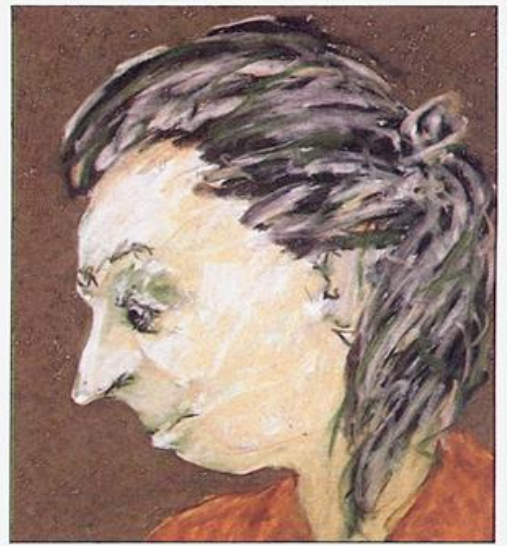
Broken glass lies over the floor. Gum sticks everywhere. Shit smeared in the cracks of the table. Their cash register is ash black, like a burnt-up telephone book.

We made the store into a death house, and made the street look like the New York City east-side slum we had to live in.

As soon as we had accomplished our purpose, we left the Connecticut town.

We stole.

She was stupid.
She didn't
know how
to kiss.
She was gangly.
She was
an idiot.



Me and Monkey were the first to steal. We were high on meth. We ripped off Bloomingdale's, a big department store in New York City.

I was going somewhere where my father and his girlfriend were also going. Johnny and his girlfriend wanted nothing to do with me.

We took a taxi to Bloomingdale's so we could be straight. I was dressed in a red wool suit and a light brown wool coat. It's necessary to be straight when you steal.

I was hanging on to the end of the taxi Johnny and his girlfriend had picked me up in. Clearly, they wanted nothing to do with me. The rest of Johnny's rock band were in the car.

As soon as Monkey and I got to Bloomingdale's, we separated. I checked my appearance. My dark curly hair, light makeup and dark red suit made me look like a nice, rich girl. I wanted to stay that way. Being nice and rich is a dream. I checked my vibes. I told myself to stay guarded, slow and calm. As I entered the store, I checked out the store's vibes. No one was following me.

Daddy and I are standing in the downstairs of the Laguna Beach Hotel, which is Nixon's favorite hotel. Facing me, there's a rectangular white wall. A few feet below this white wall, and to its right, single stairs with no back move upward. Further to the right, another large rectangular white wall. Set in this wall, one-third of its width further right, an absolutely black hallway. Above this white wall, empty space; above the empty space, a white hanging rectangle means a room. There's nothing around these walls, staircase and hall.

Back East, architectural objects are connected to, hidden in each other.

I move alone without daddy, forward backward through the hotel. The ho-

tel is now, is really large transparent squares. I glide to the final back room.

The back wall of this room is really windows. Windows are opaque. Windows through which I'm seeing a black phosphorescent ocean. None of the men in daddy's band want to be with me and daddy's with Sally. I want to go swimming—I have to go swimming. The ocean is bright green, even though it's night. The ocean is glowing.

Now the window is totally transparent. Through it I see a man's body, as if dead, turning in the sparkling green water.

I wanted a fur coat.

Little halls surround one long, black, major hall. Thin white walls, almost nonexistent, separate these halls.

I bought a red sweater in the Junior Department on the third floor, so anyone who was watching would know that I wasn't a thief.

Then I rode the escalator upstairs to the Fur Department. Tossing my brown woolen coat across a rack, I tried on fur after fur. Stealing is luxury. Ten or 15 minutes later the salesgirl had to run across the hall to get change.

Of course, daddy and Sally and the boys in his band are given their rooms first. My room is the room no one else in the world wants.

My bedroom is the huge white hexagon in the front left corner of the hotel. It has no clear outside or inside or any architectural regularity. Long white pipes form part of its ceiling. Two of its sides, which are always changing, are open.

My bedroom's function is also unclear. Its only furniture are two barber's chairs and a toilet. It's a gathering place for men.

Hotel men dressed in white and black come in and want to hurt me. They cut

away parts of me. I call for the hotel head. He explains that my bedroom used to be the men's toilet. I understand.

My cunt used to be a men's toilet.

I walk out in a leopard coat.

Dear dreams,

You are the only thing that matters.

I didn't have enough food, so I started working in a hippie bakery.

It was 1977.

Working for money is the omnipresent fact of American life.

I wasn't allowed to cook or make any decisions. My job was to hand people the bread or cookies they wanted and take their money. I also made vegetable juices, sliced bialies and dumped spreads made out of tofu and vegetables between the slices.

Because I work, I am nobody.

A 26-year-old English-accented Parisian hippie worked the counter with the Lousy Mindless Salesgirl. The hippie never did any work because she had to spend all her time finding out from the customers what she should do with her life and how she was going to be creative.

(Inside a small East Village bakery)

"Why do you smile at everyone?" the hippie asked the Lousy Mindless Salesgirl while the latter was desperately trying to read just one page.

"Why shouldn't I smile?"

"You don't really like everyone, do you? You shouldn't act nice if you don't feel like it."

"How should I act?"

"Act like you feel. You don't want to be a hypocrite."

"I don't feel anything." The Lousy Mindless Salesgirl wanted to kill the stupid hippie.

/continued

I was the plague, and there was a huge circle of emptiness around me.

"Then don't smile and be nice to customers."

"I'm being paid to smile."

"You're acting hypocritically, Janey. It's because you're male-centered. Look at me. I don't smile when I don't feel like it, and I don't go out of my way to help anyone."

Just then, a middle-aged shriveled man walked into the bakery. "Can I have a glass of wheat-grass juice?" he asked.

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl: "Certainly, sir." (She runs around the counter to get a paper cup, runs back around the counter, down on her hands and knees to get the juice out of the front fridge, stands to pour, down on her hands and knees to put the juice away, back to standing.) "Here you are, sir."

Middle-aged Shriveled Man: "Did you know that this juice kills all the diseases in the world if you drink enough of it? It kills cancer. In the Bible, Nebuchadnezzar ate grass and cured all of his afflictions."

Twenty-year-old Whorelike Jew Lady (who entered the bakery while Lousy Mindless Salesgirl was making the wheat-grass run) standing very close to Lousy Mindless Salesgirl: "What do you do?"

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl: "What do you mean, 'What do I do'?"

Twenty-year-old Whorelike Jew Lady: "How else do you make your money? Are you a whore?"

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl: "No. I go to school."

A Wispy Blond Hippie Girl: "I want that cookie and that cookie and two of those and, is that one soft?... I'll take that one. And a loaf of round bread." As the Lousy Mindless Salesgirl's climbing on the shelf to get the bread: "Do you like your job?"

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl: "It's okay."

Wispy Blond Hippie: "Is something the matter with this job? Are you discontent?"

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl: "I'm not in love with handing out cookies and taking money four hours a day. It's okay."

Wispy Blond Hippie: "If you took more of an interest in the bakery, went inside to see how the cookies are made, talked to the customers more, maybe you'd like this job better."

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl: "When I'm here, I'm being paid to take care of the customers, and otherwise I don't have any time. I have to do my homework."

Wispy Blond Hippie: "Oh, I see. You have your own thing."

As the wispy blond hippie walks out of the bakery, the Parisian hippie says: "You're rude."

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl: "Why am I rude?"

Parisian Hippie Salesgirl: "You should know."

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl (panicking): "I don't know. Why am I rude?"

Parisian Hippie Salesgirl: "You're just not a nice person."

Lousy Mindless Salesgirl: "Look. If we're going to work together, we're going to have to get along some minimal bit. You can't just insult me for no reason at all."

Parisian Hippie Salesgirl: "You don't like playing those games, do you?" (Walks away from the Lousy Mindless Salesgirl.)

From then on, everyone at the bakery avoided me. I was the plague, and there was a huge circle of emptiness around me. If another counter girl was supposed to be working, the moment she saw me she retreated into the back room.

I had to do all the counter work. My father stopped sending me money. I had to work seven days a week. I had no more feelings. I was no longer a real person. If I stopped work for just a second, I would hate. Burst through the wall and hate. Hatred that comes out like that can be a bomb.

I hated most that I didn't have any more dreams or visions. It's not that the vision-world, the world of passion and wildness, no longer existed. It always is. But awake I was disconnected from dreams. I was psychotic.

I walked out of my crummy school. It was already night. I was running 'cause I was late for the bakery. I tripped.

"Ha ha ha," some boys were chuckling behind me. Fuck them.

"Just 'cause she used to be part of the Scorpions, she thinks she's tough," some dumb gum-chewer snarled. "Now she's handing dumb little cookies to dumb little people. I bet she got her cunt sewn up."

I did. I kept running so I wouldn't be late to work.

"Cumere."

I kept on running.

"Cumere." Something grabbed my shoulder. "Look at me." As the hand turned my body around, the other hand shoved my chin up so my eyes saw a pair of gray Chinese eyes and a long nose. I couldn't see anything else 'cause of the darkness.

"Don't listen to them. They never used their cocks in their lives. I hear you make it with a lot of guys."

"I used to. I don't anymore. Who're you?"

"Heh heh heh." His laugh sounded like a sneer to me. "I hear you used to not even care what the guys' names were who you made it with."

/continued on page 66

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WINTER

ECCE HETERO

Bukowski's Thoughts to Live By

1

People who call other people assholes generally are.

2

When you've considered everything, you've considered too much.

3

Human relationships do not work.

4

Brilliant men are created out of desperate circumstances; fools are also.

5

When you marry the woman you also marry her entire family.

6

Most men who sleep late in the mornings are a superior breed.

7

Women are braver in situations they have to face alone; men tend to get braver in and before crowds.

8

I have never met a nonimmaculate cat.

9

The poets do the least to become known.

10

Fame is too often the result of bad public taste; Immortality too often a matter of poor critical judgment.

11

I'm often almost delighted when something terrible happens to me. It's not so much a matter of masochism, it's more a feeling of a balance come due: it has to happen, and since it does happen, one greets it with an oblique delight—feeling that after that better things are sure to follow???

12

Keep your sunny-side up. Nobody wants to hear about the night your mother kicked your ass in the deli takeout parlor...

13

All the women in my life have become the Reoccurring Woman: their complaints have been just as similar and just as realistic. So I judge them, in comparison, only upon the artistry of their head-jobs and their kitchen work, faithfulness and so forth. And when I line them up in this fashion I can't come up with a winner. Just a loser: me.

14

Whenever one of my women goes to another man in preference to me, I am thoroughly astonished, especially when I meet him in person. But all things are illusionary, including those dull, drab sons of bitches, so it's all right, I suppose.

15

Dostoevski was precisely passionate, but when he ended up with Christ in his lap I wrote him off as going the long way around to find what most idiots accepted in the beginning. Not that I didn't find his journey vibrant. For this, I almost forgave him his final Error. Tolstoy, who ended up the same way, was simply dull throughout. Which I can't forgive.

16

Religion is not the Opium of the People. It's a peanut-butter sandwich. On white bread.

17

A whore is a woman who takes more than she gives. A man who takes more than he gives is called a businessman.

18

When the agony of all the people is heard, nothing will be done.

19

I am only a realist in certain areas. For instance, it discourages me that people have upper and lower intestines. As I watch people, I am conscious of these (and other) parts. I'm hexed. For instance, when a man says to me, "She's really a beautiful woman," I feel like answering, "I won't know until I examine the healthiness of her excreta."

20

The best people are the ones you never meet.

21

I much prefer it when a woman discards me. Then I am sure that the error is hers.

22

I have met both the rich and the poor and have found them to be equally unnatural in their positions.

23

There is a certain actress who must be nearing 70, at least, for I saw her in movies when I was a boy and I'm now 62. But she is photographed again and again as looking 32. It has gone on for decades. Marvelous, I think, young forever! And she is often photographed with her sisters, and they've all held on well. They are all photographed smiling together, heads always held upward to hide the neck lines. Marvelous, I think, we all need the dream.

24

One of the most depressing places to be upon the earth is to be sitting in some Los Angeles cafe at 9:35 A.M. and having the waitress hand you the menu of various egg delicacies as her ankles are thin and her buttocks resigned, she has been used and abandoned by her men and she just wants the rent and a way to go, and then you look up and in a mellifluous voice full of victory and hope and understanding you order item #3, the cut-rate special.

25

A criminal might be defined as one outnumbered by those who generally don't do what he does except in secret or different ways.

26

Check your ass for the shining candle.

27

Of all the women who have claimed they have hated me I have believed all of them.

28

It's exactly as good as it's ever going to get.

29

Will Rogers once said, "I never met a man I didn't like." I never liked Will Rogers. But I liked his statement. I liked some men, temporarily. But somehow I didn't like him. But he was probably luckier than I was and most probably a better man to be around. If you liked pussycats.

30

One night Babe Ruth, who was one hell of a drinker, held Rabbit Maranville, the shortstop, out of the window of their 12th-floor hotel room by his heels.

"Go on, you fucker, drop me!" the Rabbit screamed in this story I read.

I like that story. It would have been a much better one if he had dropped him.

31

One of the great things is when a Suicide meets a Suicide (it helps more when one is a man and the other a woman) over drinks and they talk about all the times they've botched their tries and they begin to laugh about that, and it's really very funny because you really meant to do it. Now the radio is on, there's a pack of cigarettes on the coffee table and the rug is upon the floor, and life is almost delightful, for a moment...

32

That's enough. See you in Dresden.

RAIDERS OF THE LOST GOLD

by "R"

Our connoisseur goes in search of Santa Marta, Part II

The story so far:

A mysterious and lovely woman had a proposition for the HIGH TIMES Connoisseur. If he passed a subtle and difficult cannabis identification test, she would share with him a rare remnant of the last stash of Chateau Forcade. This was the legendary vintage of Colombian gold grass upon whose strong magic HIGH TIMES founder Tom Forcade was said to have built a grand dream of changing American consciousness—a dream cut short by Forcade's suicide. The mystery lady drops enough hints about circumstances surrounding the Lost Load of Chateau Forcade and the hidden causes of Forcade's final despair to put his old friend "R," the Connoisseur Forcade tutored, on the trail of the truth. (Needless to say, all characters and events depicted within are fictional, including the Connoisseur. Except, of course, Forcade. He's not fictional; he's legendary.)

As the wheels of the Delta jet touched down in Miami International, I saw troops guarding the runway. The troops weren't there of course, but they were there that first unforgettable time I'd visited Chateau Forcade.

Troops filled the whole city then—federal, state, local. It was convention time, 1972. The Watergate gang was riding high, and armies of demonstrators were down there to make trouble. One army was run by Tom Forcade.

He was in his black-clad heavy-revvie mode back then—fighting a black-humored guerrilla war against the rest of the counterculture as well as against the Nixon gang. It was back during this time that he was framed on a firebombing conspiracy charge. It was about this time that he slipped through the security of the Convention Center in Miami, and in several

when the Viet Vets Against the War began to infiltrate into town, disguises stole a hundred-foot-high portrait of Richard Nixon from off the very walls.

It was about this time the ugly but untrue rumors that he was some kind of informer began to spread in poisoned whispers from embittered enemies, some in the pay of the government, others in the service of their own revolutionary faction.

The entire city of Miami was wired with that kind of tension. There had already been some very ugly street-riot clashes with heavy tear gassings, new kinds of tear gas—burning pepper gas dispensed by huge doomsday tear-gas machines that even veteran street-fighting types were stunned by. And things were cranked up even further confirming everyone's worst fantasies about the level of their rage. These Viet vets were very, very angry. Their leaders had been preemptively framed by an informer (the Gainesville Six Trial), and so they began setting up encampments in a state of anarchic, leaderless bitterness. Things were very explosive. Especially when contingents of the vets headed into the posh downtown expensive hotel strip from the Fontainebleau to the Doral, where Nixon himself had encamped with his Secret Service army.

The Viet vets stalked the sunny sidewalks like search-and-destroy patrols—they were still in Saigon. These vets were not going to take shit from some raw National Guard troops, even the airborne army battalion they'd flown in. There were incidents of viciousness hour after hour, as one side or the other would freak out from the frayed power lines of tension that stretched through every quarter of the town.

It was very ugly. A lot of the Viet Vets Against the War had been maimed in the worst hellholes in Nam.

And here they were with their armless sleeves and legless trousers, facing down the fat, happy Republicans who sent them there.

The drug mixture added to the explosiveness. Although Miami had been flooded with Quaaludes to such an extent that some thought it a DEA plot to 'lude out the demonstrators into harmlessness, there were other drugs in town, and they weren't good.

There was, in fact, a lot of bad acid. This was the absolute worst time for bad acid. It was a time when almost all acid was pretty bad—speedy strychnine, PCP, you name it, they'd garbage up the clear white light with it, put it in a pill and sell it. Yes, all acid was bad, but not everyone knew it yet. And so there were still people who would take any barrel-shaped orange pill thinking it was "orange sunshine." Well, there was a lot of bad sunshine down in Miami, but not the kind the city became famous for.

Combine all that bad sunshine with the maimed and bitter antiwar vets, each with a firefight going on his mind—and, well, that bad acid was just pouring napalm jelly on the inferno. The first night I got down there, I wandered through the VVAW encampment in the reporter capacity I had at the time. Now don't get me wrong. There were a lot of mellow, peace-lovin' dudes there. Some of them even had peace symbols tattooed on their biceps, so they must be peace loving. And there were a number of sophisticated and heroic antiwar leaders among them, who made the Viet vets the spearhead of the moral opposition to the war. But there were a lot of guys in that camp that night who were still out of their skulls from the horror they experienced over there, and a lot of these guys were the same ones who were taking the bad acid, and you could hear the results in the chilling



howling, the wailing, the screams that haunted Flamingo Park that night. These guys were still wounded in a way that no morphine or physical anesthetic had yet been able to heal or numb.

When I got out of there at 4 A.M., I was wired with the shock of the scene. I couldn't go back to my hotel room, so I headed off for Chateau Forcade.

Of course, no one called it that then. No one knew in fact who our host was that crazy summer. A lot of strange people wandered through, acting like the host, welcoming people, offering exquisite drugs. It was here, that very night, that the fabled Nitrous Queen took me in her lap and fed me balloon after balloon of the sweet air until I understood certain mysteries of the wave structure of the space-time continuum that had absolutely eluded me until that revelatory moment.

But what a scene it was when I walked in at 4 A.M. The place was a former Prohibition-era millionaire's mansion on a secluded waterway with, shall we say, very extensive docking and loading facilities that would seem to indicate more than just recreational boating was going on here.

It was a spacious, three-story, gleaming white mansion, with an absolute plethora of verandahs, porches, nooks and crannies, and a long lawn leading to the dock. There was a nonstop party on the main floor, and when I say nonstop, I mean it had been going on for a week and wouldn't stop till the night of the nomination when—but I'm getting ahead of myself here.

Let me tell you about the people there, some of them, because there were some people there whose names I would never disclose. . . . But somehow, word had gone around that in the midst of the vicious factional struggle going on within the Flamingo Park encampment, in the fierce, competitive heat of journalistic competition, this was a place where leaders of all factions—well, most—could come and get high together, this was a place where journalists could unwind and swap horror stories about the CREEP show being run downtown. This was a place where some of the

elite of Miami's newly born smuggling aristocracy could mingle and provide the finest smoke, the finest coke, the most amazing psychedelics that the best heads and the best wallets could provide.

Until that last night it was a great, great party. I would run into Tom off and on again there, even though he had official Zippie headquarters in Coconut Grove and Flamingo Park. He would have strategy sessions here, and I believe it was here, with the collaboration of several people and several organic molecules, that he turned out the rock-opera, *Eat the Rich*.

Tom was somewhat Napoleonic those days out in the streets. He had his armies to command, but back in that place he was the same old Tom with his bleak but extremely funny deadpan self-deprecatory wit.

One night we were smoking some amazing, fiery Panamanian he'd flown in for the convention, and staring out across the lawn at the dawn coming up over Miami across the waterway. Of course, it wasn't exactly dawn—it was part of the black ghetto of Miami burning with rage. I watched the flicker of the lights play across the frolicking bodies wriggling around the lawn. I asked Tom just what he had been doing with all those gallons of fire starter in his van.

"I was never good at rubbing two sticks together," he said.

The whole place was mysterious. Who was our host? Why in a town so tightly watched by four levels of secret police, were we allowed to get away with so much illegal, immoral fun? I never got an answer that first time down there. I never got an answer because of that horrible incident that final night of the convention, where even there at Chateau Forcade, the party had to come to an end.

It was all a mistake, of course. The people who are responsible for what happened didn't want it to happen. How could they know? But they were playing with fire. They should have known that.

It happened the night Nixon got his unanimous four-more-years nomination. I'd left the convention center where I'd infiltrated the ranks of the Watergate youth thugs CREEP

was organizing—the YVP, the notorious, hideously clean-cut young voters for the president. After getting drunk at the Fountainbleu press headquarters I needed a deep, deep drink at the fountain of decadence, and I headed for the waterfront chateau.

It was midnight then, and battle-weary demonstrators were slipping back, reeking of tear gas, some of them bleeding from the random clubbings on the street of which the Miami police, while no Chicago thugs, were not shy about administering. Journalists having filed the predictable and inevitable Nixon-triumphant stories struggled in to try and forget, in bouts of drugs and sex, the growing horror that the country might actually like Richard Nixon, the horror of four more years.

And there were those, it seemed, who had come halfway around the country, halfway around the world, not to attend the convention, but to attend this particular party. Certainly, English and Australian journalists, who know how to file stories instantly and discover the best parties afterward, seemed to have homed in on the place. Then there were the various politicians and the smuggler aristocracy dressed as resplendently as any swells who strode the streets of Palm Beach; a number of rich heirs, a number of weird con men, gurus, international bohemians, surfer girls, dealer guys, you name it.

As that nomination-night party wore on and grew wilder and more raucous and hysterical, I began to get a chilly feeling I'd had when I first read Poe's tale of the plague-besieged castle in "The Masque of the Red Death." But at the time, I was too busy unwinding from the tension of the entire evil week to care. In fact, I was sharing an absorbing idyll on the warm, dewy lawn with a young woman with whom I had braved tear gas and shared laughing gas, when I heard the screams from inside the chateau living room.

God, were they painful to listen to. Not just to me—all over the lawn heads shot up in horror: Every couple on the lawn had stopped whatever they were doing to see what could have caused such an absolutely

bloodcurdling series of—of *howls*, that's what they were. Howls for help.

After three of them had torn across the lawn, I began to realize they were howls trying to form the words "Help me," but somehow too paralyzed to make the cloture to intelligibility.

Well, someone turned off the endless Allman Brothers tape that'd been playing that night. Someone turned on the lights in the bedrooms upstairs. Some people came running *out* of the place as if they couldn't handle being present in the same space where that horror was happening. The way I pieced it together over the years, there was this certain media hustler at the chateau that night, a guy who later achieved some notoriety in other circumstances which shall be nameless. Anyway, it seemed he was a guy who liked his psychedelics and was always on the lookout for the very best. And the word was that he wanted the *very, very* best for that particular nomination night. Something with the takeoff power and the hyper-space capability that only the original acid alchemist could conjure up.

Well, the word was he did summon one of these wizards, and he commissioned a convention-night special.

So far, so good. No harm there. The harm began when our friend the hustler decided to dissolve a blotter of Tricky Dick tabs, as they came to be called, in a bottle of Jack Daniels. Well, not too much harm there, unless you insist on your Jack Daniels Old Number 7 neat, or your LSD 25 dry.

But what happened was that he and some surfer girls and some smuggler guys got to swigging heavily on the stuff at a little private gathering up in the master bedroom. (Don't ask me why he was there because *he* wasn't the host, whoever the host was.)

After awhile they adjourned and went down to the heavily partying throng in the main room. Someone had started a fire in the huge walk-in fireplace that overlooked a picture window of the lawn, and somebody else was breaking up a bentwood chair to throw on the flames. (I don't think he was the host.)

The Allmans were blasting out to the answering foghorns on the

waterway, and a very lovely young lady was going around sticking a tongue depressor in everyone's mouth. When she came to me, I discovered it was actually more interesting than that. She was sticking the tongue depressor into a jar filled with a dark and gleaming tarrylike substance. It was the first, and still possibly the best, hash oil ever refined, and it was called "The One." It was absorbed almost immediately through the tongue, and soon turned the fire-lit mansion living room into a flickering Casbah of electrifying colors and shapes. It was at this point that my companion and I adjourned to the lawn, so I missed the convergence of the two components of the explosion that happened.

Component number one came tumbling down the stairs cradled in the arms of a bewitching surfer girl (I later learned). It was the Old Number bottle with old number 25 saturating the sour-mash elixir. From the absolutely astonishing blissful glow that lit her tan face—as if the clear white light in her cortex had made the rest of her head transparent (if it wasn't already)—it was possible to make the connection between the Tennessee sippin' whiskey and the Florida trippin' girl.

This connection was made more explicit when the jovial media hustler bounded down the stairs in his Sidney Greenstreet-like suit, and proclaimed to all who could hear, "We've got the best fuckin' acid in the world here for anyone who wants to try it."

No one was sure when the Viet vets had arrived, but it seemed that they must have gotten there *after* the One had been tongue-depressed-out, because they were very eager to get very high, very fast, and they pushed their way to the One-stunned center of the crowd and grabbed that Jack Daniels bottle, and before anyone had any time to talk about mikes and dosages they—four of them—downed the whole fucker in one long swallow apiece.

Well, nobody thought much of that. These were people who were used to doing heavy tripping with the Oakland Angels. These vets had been out fighting the Empire in the

/continued on page 66

They couldn't handle being present in the same space where that horror was happening.



IT'S A GAS

Increasing your plant's intake of carbon dioxide is one of the easiest and most inexpensive ways to dramatically increase your yield.

Plant growth is determined by five factors (light, heat, water, nutrients and carbon dioxide), and an insufficient amount of any one of these elements can seriously debilitate your crop.

In an indoor situation, the concerns of heat, water and nutrients never pose any problem to the cultivator—ample supplies of each are readily available. Light is usually provided by using natural light, metal halides or fluorescents. This leaves carbon dioxide (CO₂) as the critical component in our cultivating chain.

CO₂ is a gas which comprises about .03 percent (or 300 parts per million, "ppm") of the atmosphere. It is not dangerous. It is one of the basic raw materials (water is the other) used by plants in the act of photosynthesis. And it can make those little buggers grow like crazy.

When plants are growing in an enclosed area, there is a limited amount of CO₂ for them to use. When the CO₂ is used up, the plant's photosynthesis stops. Only as more CO₂ is provided can it use light to continue the process. Adequate amounts of CO₂ may be easily replaced in well-ventilated areas, but increasing the amount of CO₂ to .2 percent (2000 ppm), or 6 times the amount usually found in the atmosphere, can increase the growth rate by up to 5 times. For this reason, many commercial nurseries usually provide CO₂-enriched air to their plants.

The two most economical and convenient ways to provide your plants with all the CO₂ they'll ever need are: 1) use a CO₂ generator that burns natural gas or kerosene; and 2) use a CO₂ tank with regulator.

First, of course, you must find out how much CO₂ is needed to bring the growing area up to the ideal 2000 ppm. To do this, multiply the cubic area of the growing room (length × height × width) by .002. The total represents the number of square feet of gas required to reach optimum CO₂ range. For instance, a room 13' × 18' × 12' contains 2,808 cubic feet; 2,808 × .002 equals 5.6 cubic feet.

The easiest way to supply the gas is by using a CO₂ tank. All the equipment you'll need can be obtained from a welding supply store. The tank, which comes in 20- and 50-pound sizes, can be bought or rented. A 50-gallon tank, filled, has a gross weight of 170 pounds. To regulate dispersal of the gas, a "combination flow meter regulator" is required. It regulates the flow between 10 and 50 cubic feet per hour. A solenoid valve shuts the flow meter on and off. This can be regulated manually, or by using a 24-hour timer. The timer should be a multicycle one, so that the valve can be turned on and off several times each day. If the growing room is small, a short-range timer is needed. Most timers are calibrated in ½-hour increments, but a short-range timer will keep the valve open for only a few minutes.

To find out how long the valve should remain open, divide the number of cubic feet of gas required (in our example, 5.6 feet) by the flow rate. For instance, if the flow rate is 10 cubic feet per hour, 5.6 divided by 10 equals .56 hours, or 33.6 minutes (.56 × 60 minutes = 33.6). At 30 cubic feet per hour, the number of minutes would be 5.6 divided by 30, × 60 minutes equals 11.2 minutes.

Make sure to place the tank in an area where it can be replaced easily. Run a hose from the top of the tank unit to the top of the garden. CO₂ is cooler and heavier than air and will flow downward, reaching the top of the plants first.

Gas and kerosene generators work by burning hydrocarbons that release heat and create carbon dioxide and water. Each pound of fuel burned produces about 3 pounds of CO₂, 1½ pounds of water and about 21,800 Btu's (British thermal units) of heat.

Nursery supply houses sell CO₂ generators specially designed for greenhouses, but household-style kerosene or gas heaters are also suitable. This apparatus needs no vent. The CO₂ goes directly into the room's atmosphere. A good heater will burn cleanly and com-

pletely, leaving no residues, creating no carbon monoxide. If a heater is not working correctly, most likely it will burn the fuel incompletely and create an odor. More expensive units have pilots and timers; less expensive models must be adjusted manually. Heaters with pilots can be modified using the solenoid valve and timer.

At room temperature, one pound of CO₂ equals 8.7 cubic feet. Remember that it takes only ⅓ of a pound of kerosene (5.3 ounces) to make a pound of CO₂. To find the amount of fuel to use, divide the number of cubic feet of gas required by 8.7 and multiply by .33. In our case, 5.6 cubic feet divided by 8.7 × .33 equals .21 pounds of fuel. To find out how many ounces, multiply .21 by 16 (number of ounces in a pound) to arrive at a total of 3.36 ounces, a little less than a half a cup.

Heaters often do not specify the rate at which they burn fuel, but they almost always state the amount of Btu's produced in an hour. To find out fuel usage, divide the number of Btu's produced by 21,800. If a generator produces 12,000 Btu's an hour, it is using 12,000 divided by 21,800, or about .55 pounds of fuel per hour. However, only .21 pounds are needed. To find the number of minutes the generator should be on, divide the amount of fuel needed by the flow rate and multiply by 60. In our case, .21 (amount of fuel needed) divided by .55 (flow rate) × 60 equals 22.9 minutes.

CO₂ should be replenished every 3 hours during the light cycle, since it is used up by the plants and leaks from the room into the general atmosphere. Well-ventilated rooms should be replenished more often. It is probably more effective to have a generator or tank releasing CO₂ for longer periods at slower rates, than for shorter periods of time at higher rates.

The simple process of supplying plants with CO₂ can increase the yield of any indoor garden considerably, so plan on raising the ceiling height or decreasing the turnaround cycle of your garden. □

BLOOD & GUTS

continued from page 56

"What do you want with me?"

"I want to stick my dick between your legs."

"You can't." I was back to my old hard Scorpion way of speaking. And his hand running up and down my back hard made my legs wet.

"You don' wanna. You don' wanna." He was talking right in my ear. "What does girlie wanna do? You gotta boy at home you gotta go and screw? You gotta boy who's a better screw than me?" The words were closer and hotter. "You're coming home with me now."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I gotta go to work."

"What's the bitch crying about?"

"Why don't you beat her up, Tommy?"

"Punch her in the stomach."

"My friends like you," he whispered right into my ear as he pushed me along. "We're gonna be hot together."

"Listen. I can't go home with you. I'm not what you think. I lose my job and I'll be up shit-creek. I'm not going to give up my life for a one-night fuck."

His lips came down on mine. His tongue traveled in and covered mine. His hands ran huge insects down my back.

I guess a long time passed, but I didn't know.

"Well?"

"Uh—" I didn't know. "If I come home with you, I'll ruin the friendship between us."

His hand brought my mouth to his mouth till his mouth was fucking my mouth. It was a fountain. We shoved against each other.

He lifted his head. "It's up to you," he told me.

I went home with him and didn't give a shit anymore about anything else but him.

Love turned me back to crime. Tommy and I kidnapped children. Smearred up the walls of buildings. Carried dangerous weapons and used them. Did everything we could to dull our judgment, and acted as outrightly violent as possible. Shitted on the streets. Attacked strangers with broken bottles. Hit people over the head with hard objects. Kicked the guts out of people on the streets. Started fights and riots.

I could barely stand being so happy. The sex made me crazier than the crime. I started to thrash just when he touched me; just his fingers pinching my nipples made me come. I couldn't

stop rushing toward him like an overloaded volcano...

We pulled into the rock club about one o'clock. It looked like a war was happening.

We had heard that this rock band called the Contortions was gonna play in a red-neck town in New Jersey and that the white, head singer thought he was James Brown. The rest of the band would be too drunk to stop the red-necks from beating up Brown.

James Brown was crawling baby-style across the floor.

The red-necks were jerking their cocks off in a corner.

James Brown crawled up to the red-neck's boot.

The red-neck, confused, jumped James.

Everyone in the club started hitting each other.

I heard cops' sirens.

I ran.

The rest of the Scorpions were behind me.

We piled into the van.

Green and pink lights flashed past us, neon yellow and violet lights gleamed.

The bright lights were denser and denser.

We were moving faster.

"Hey," Sally said, "step on it."

"Huh?"

"The cops're after us."

He drove faster.

"Can't ya go faster?"

He drove even faster.

I heard the cops' sirens clearly.

"Suck my tits." Greaso leaned over and sucked Sally's tit while he drove.

"Watch where you're going, Greaso."

The cops' sirens were louder.

Greaso's foot hit the accelerator all the way.

We were in a totally black section of Newark.

A tiny red light appeared in the blackness.

The red light grew larger and larger.

I don't remember the crash. Everyone died but Monkey, who got brain damage, and me. For a few days I floated in a dream.

The blackness I now see everywhere comes from perverted because unrealized wants. I see this. I won't be able to pretend the world isn't horrible. Overwhelming fear separates me from the want I saw. Now, overwhelming fear makes me part of the death world. □

RAIDERS

continued from page 63

street and they deserved to unwind. Well, unwind is one thing. Unravel is another.

As I said, I wasn't there, but what I heard is that these four guys started to play war games. With the furniture first. Then with people. The particular war game they played was called "Hostile or Friendly." In their acid-and-sour-mash crazed state they'd crawl up to a couch and interrogate it:

"Hostile or friendly?"

If they decided it was friendly, they'd go over to it, caress it in a warm, almost childlike gratitude. If they decided it was hostile, they'd pick the motherfucker up and smash it to bits and throw it on the fire.

Well, if you weren't the host (and whoever was the host didn't pipe up), this had some entertainment value. But then the four of them turned to arguing over whether a chaise longue was hostile or friendly, and almost came to blows. They cooled down, but then they began buttonholing people—grabbing them by the shirt fronts, men and women, staring into their eyes with that mad fire of their own and demanding: "Hostile or friendly?" Those who hadn't fled tried to treat it as a game, tried to act friendly, but then some of the vets called them liars, and things got menacing.

Then, according to one person who stuck it out there in the big living room, the fire began getting out of hand in the fireplace. One of the vets began to freak out, began to weave toward the fire chanting "hostile or friendly." Then he went up to the fireplace and just wrapped his arms around that fire and lowered his face into it.

I first saw him as he crashed through the plate glass from the living room and rolled onto the lawn. I'd never seen a man on fire before. It was something I'll never forget.

It was something I was remembering as I parked my rent-a-car in front of the gateway to Chateau Forcade 10 years later. But it was one thing I never thought I'd have to come to grips with again until that moment when I saw just who greeted me at the door. □

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D White Lady Incense					15.00			80.00		100.00	500.00	800.00	
E Superior Rock Incense				9.99		26.99		60.00		100.00	600.00	1000.00	
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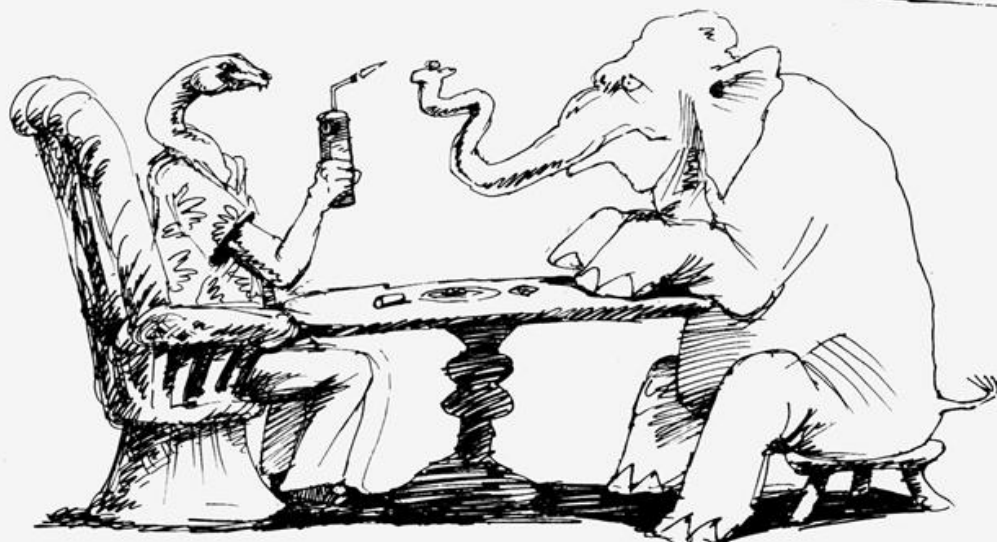
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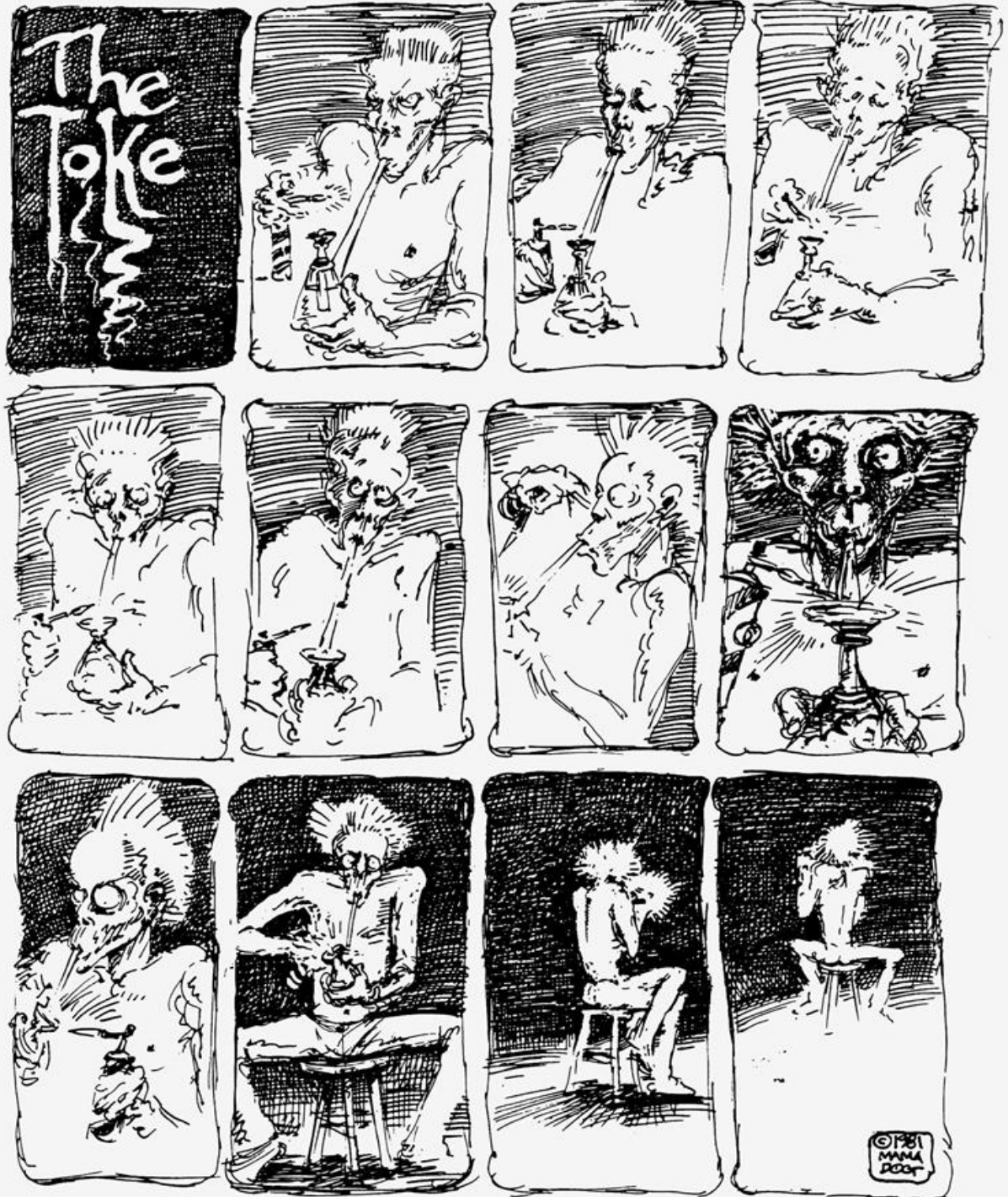




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(X SMOKE = X SOUND)

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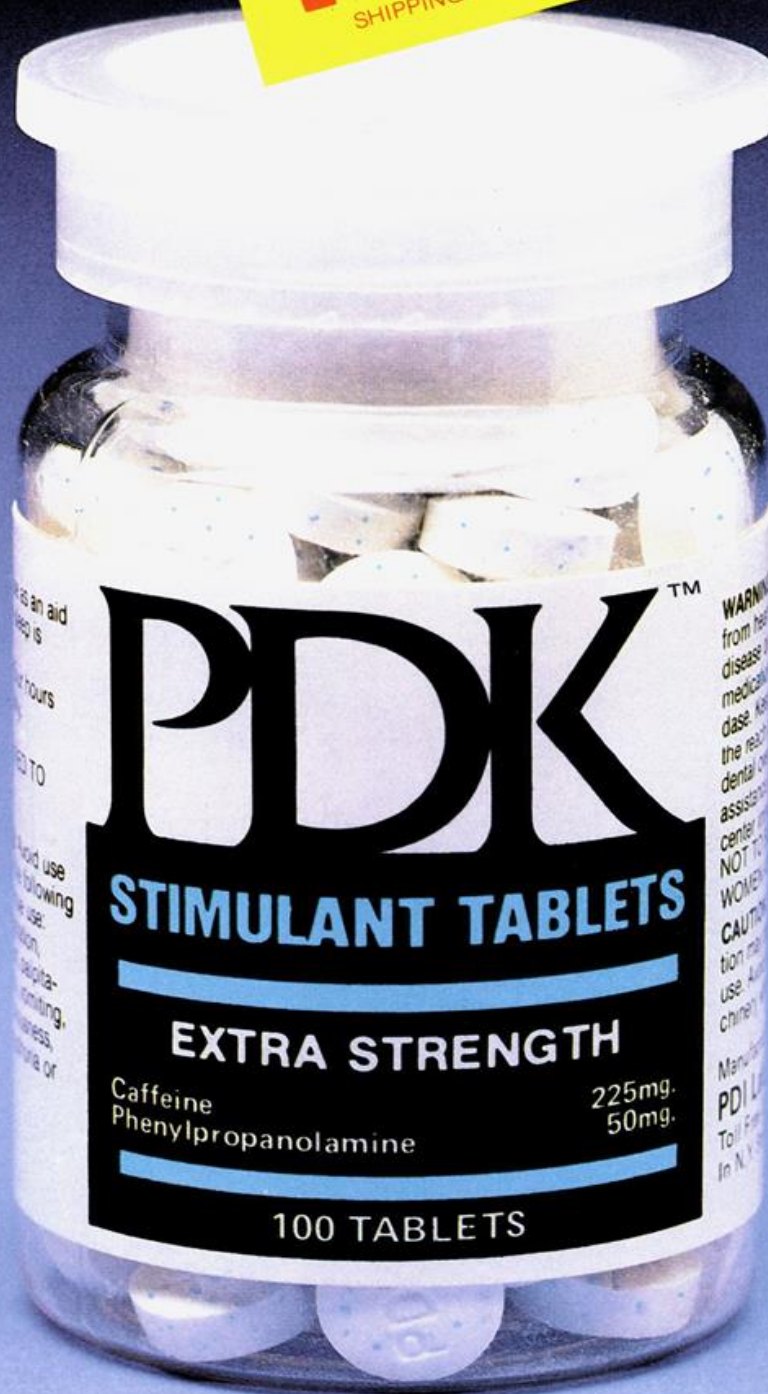
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THIN ICE

A Season In Hell With the N.Y. Rangers, by Larry Sloman

Excerpted from *Thin Ice* by Larry Sloman. © 1982 Published by William Morrow, Inc. Used by permission.

For two seasons, *HIGH TIMES* Editor-in-chief Larry "Ratso" Sloman lived, drank, traveled and skated with the New York Rangers. His resultant book, *Thin Ice*, sent shockwaves through the National Hockey League establishment and drew immediate comparison with previous sport scorers *Ball Four* and *The Bronx Zoo* for its honest portrayal of the frenzied lives of young athletes.

Herewith, we present some excerpts from *Thin Ice*, beginning with the optimism of training camp and culminating in the frustration of Stanley Cup elimination.

Cast of Characters

Steve Baker
Barry Beck ("Bubba")
Pat Conacher
John Davidson ("J.D.")
Ron Duguay ("Doogie")
Phil Esposito ("Espo")
Ron Greschner ("Gresch")
Anders Hedberg
Ed Hospodar ("Boxcar")
Don Maloney
Mario Marois
Don Murdoch ("Murder," "Mud")
Ulf Nilsson
Doug Sulliman
Dean Talafous
Walter Tkaczuk
Steve Vickers ("Sarge")

Management

Joey Bucchino ("Bukka")—Trainer
John Halligan—Public Relations
Mickey Keating—Assistant General Manager
Jack Krumpke—Vice-President, Madison Square Garden
Mike Nykoluk—Assistant Coach
Fred Shero—Coach, General Manager
Sonny Werblin—President, Madison Square Garden

SEPTEMBER 18, 1979

Why were we in Richmond, Virginia? That was the litany here, and for the life of me I still can't come up with a good answer. Perhaps it was to pump some life into the Richmond Rifles hockey franchise, now affiliated with the Ranger organization. Perhaps it was to get a respite from the temptations of the big city. Maybe it was just because nobody had had the foresight to arrange for an ice facility in the New York area. At any rate, we were here in Richmond, a town

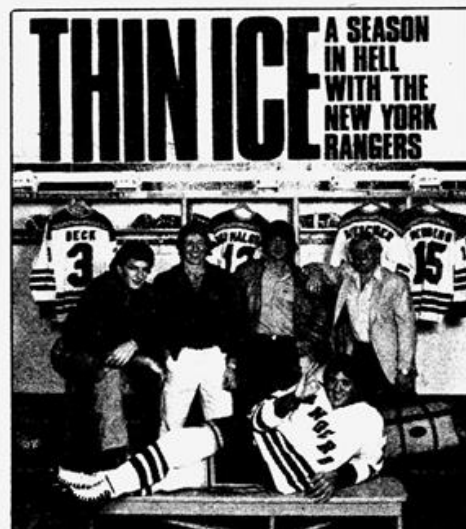
known for tobacco and transsexuals. The tobacco got processed here, the transsexuals got operated on. Neither procedure seemed to interest the hockey players.

Murdoch was the hardest hit. He was sitting in a downtown bar the second night of training camp, in the throes of terminal culture shock. "Take me home to New York," he moaned. "Bring me to Studio. Bring the girls from Studio."

"Bring anyone over twelve," Duguay joined in, in mock anguish.

I was sitting with Molly, a friend of a friend, and a local, a college professor. Molly had promised to round up some of her nude students for these poor suffering lads.

"Where are they now?" Murdoch pleaded. "Old one-eye wants to introduce himself."



The little guy gets sick a lot. You know, throws up."

Molly was finding the hockey players "delightful" and "refreshing." She was muttering something about "joie de vivre." She was mainly staring intently at Anders Hedberg. She thought he was a Swedish charmer.

"Just tell your friends we're energetic and we like oral sex," Murder summed up. Molly giggled.

It was a strange camp. As Greschner put it, there were "eighty guys out for two positions." So many guys that they had to divide up into four colored teams and run two separate sessions, making it a bit hard to stand out in the crowd. But something else was making it hard to be noticed. It was the second day of camp and nobody had seen Coach Shero.

"I think I saw Fred once, in the stands," Anders reported.

"We put out an all-points bulletin on Freddie," Murdoch told me.

"Yeah," Duguay smiled. "He was last seen talking to a bartender."

OCTOBER 25

Thursday morning. Greschner was in the hospital, still suffering the aftereffects of Semenko's check. "Get me out of here," Greschner moaned. "They keep coming around, feeling my ass, the back of my head, my feet, looking down my throat. My throat's not hurt, it's my head."

I marveled at the stoicism of the guys. And their humor. Last year Gresch had also been injured when Dave Schultz hammered him into the boards in Buffalo. Davidson was the first Ranger over to Gresch, as he lay helpless on the ice.

"Gresch, Gresch." Davidson leaned over the prone body. "Can you fart?" Greschner mumbled something. Davidson smiled. "In that case, can I have your yellow seats for Sunday?"

Today Greschner wanted out. "I gotta get home by two," he worried, "or else I'll miss my soap." He made it. When the doctor dragged his feet to discharge him, Greschner packed up and left the room and took a cab home. And watched the soap. Then he called his parents, like a good son. "It's okay, mum." He was very reassuring to the folks back in Goodsoil. "They took an X ray and checked to see what's in there. They said it was all right, I only scratched one of the rocks."

That night the Rangers lost to Philly, 5-2.

DECEMBER 2

Ulf Nilsson was pissed at me. Or maybe it's his wife. At least that's what everyone's telling me. It was all because of my *Playboy* article on Shero. I had a section on the Swedes, and the offending passage went like this:

"This is for *Playboy*?" Ulf Nilsson leans toward the recorder. "I get a hard-on when I score a goal."

To me, a line like that shows wit and self-awareness. To the guys on the team, it was shocking.

DECEMBER 8

The hard-on line in *Playboy* was still a hot topic of discussion. Tkaczuk had come over

to me after the last game and said he heard that I really "got" Ulfie in *Playboy*. Ulf's wife, Barbro, told me she wouldn't read the article, and every time I saw her lately she gave me the ol' fish-eye. But then I heard from the voice of enlightenment: management. The word came from Jack Krump, Werblin's right-hand man. They loved the article, hard-on and all. In fact, it was quite useful to a Garden executive's wife. It seems that there was a scramble in front of the net the other game, and it was uncertain whether Nilsson or Vickers had touched the puck before it went in. But the executive's wife knew.

"It's not Ulfie's goal," she told her husband. "I checked his pants."

JANUARY 31, 1980

They finally shaved someone. It was the Boxcar, Ed Hospodar, who got it the other day in Rye after practice. Hospodar's a sweet kid, and a hell of a teammate when the shit starts flying on the ice, but he had a tendency to exercise his lip a little too much around the veterans. That's why he got it before Conacher or Sulliman or the other rooks.

It was Mario Marois, a pretty yappy second-year man, who initiated the ritual. He stormed into the dressing room, pushing the trainer's table and yelling, "Shaving Time, Shaving Time." So Bukka got out a muscle-man sweat shirt Magic Markered SHAVING TIME on the back of it, and Mario put it on.

Next step was catching the quarry. To accomplish this, Sarge put on Baker's face mask and J.D. donned his, and they grabbed Boxcar as soon as he stepped through the locker-room door. It happened really fast and Hospodar only saw the masks, so he was convinced his old pal from New Haven, Baker, had sold him out. "Bakes, I'm gonna get you. I'm gonna get you for helping out." He was screaming like a banshee. Later he told Bukka that he thought Sarge looked like Baker because he had the same fat stomach.

The masked men dragged him in and pulled him down on the table. Then they took a hockey stick and put it across his chest, pinning his arms down. Crucifixion style. By the time they got the towel over his face, they were ready. First came the shaving cream, smeared all over his massive body. Then it was Murdoch's turn.

Murdoch was the custodian of the whammy stick. It was his pleasurable task to take a butt end and wrap it around and around with cotton and tape it down, and then to get the hot stuff and saturate the cotton with the ointment. Then he'd take aim and wham it right up the Hershey Highway. In other words, anal insertion—and it hurt.

Dull razors. This was next, the scraping of the skin to remove every last hair follicle, using the scratchiest, most unhone metal edge they could find. Of course, they began by shaving his balls. Of course, Hospodar was screaming bloody murder. But this

was just the start.

They hoisted his cock up like a flag, using a skate lace, until his penis head began to turn blue-line blue. When it took on the color of a puck, Bukka, with infinite mercy, cut the lace. Then they shaved his armpits and his chest, and by this time Nykoluk had gotten wind of the chop-chop job and he ordered the head off-limits. They had no other choice but to free him from his cross. Mario shook his hand and welcomed him to the team. Amazingly, the next day Box-



Ed "Boxcar" Hospodar, in a familiar pose, was the "victim" of the shaving initiation.

car was yapping again. So here at practice, the day of the game in Buffalo, some of the guys were plotting to shave him again.

FEBRUARY 15

The sleek, black, stretch limo purred its way through the side streets of Queens. I was sitting in the front seat with Joe, the driver. In the back, Espo and Ulfie and Doogie and Gresch and Bubba were peering out the windows at the unfamiliar sights.

"Is this a rough section, Joe?" Bubba wondered.

"Nah," Joe said. "This is nice, this is Queens. This is where Archie Bunker lives."

The guys had spent all afternoon tanking up at a sponsor's luncheon, hosted by Howard Cosell, and then they drank some more at Espo's place, and now they were on their way to the annual Ranger Fan Club Dinner Dance. The one event each year where the fanatical fans get a chance to press the flesh with their heroes. You can imagine how excited this made the Rangers.

"Doogie can't wait to dance with those tight asses," Espo smiled. "I've never seen a reception like you get from those girls, Doog. They scream. I'm his agent now, Rats. I told Cosell and Werblin today."

They started talking about Ulfie's condition. Apparently, Liebler, the Ranger doctor, had just given Ulf word that he wasn't suffering from a slipped disk. That was good news.

"I'll be okay," Ulfie smiled. "All I need is a little more money."

We finally pulled up to the Cordon Bleu, a huge catering-reception hall, where 1,200 fans were waiting in anticipation. Including about 30 unsavory leather types outside. "Look at all the greasers," Bubba marveled. "We're gonna have a brawl in Queens."

They didn't. They stepped out of the limo and they were mobbed like movie stars, and strange men in tuxedos ushered them in and they were sequestered in a few side rooms upstairs as the fans filled the multi-leveled banquet room. They were all here. Head, a girl who wears Espo's uniform, and the Chief and the Charlie O's regulars and the ones that couldn't get into Herlihy's.

While they waited to be introduced by Halligan in numerical order, the Rangers and their wives and girlfriends were milling about the side rooms and hanging out in the hall. Gresch was pulling guys' ties and patting Joanne Vickers's very pregnant stomach. Mario was feeling no pain, and when Freddie strolled in with his wife, the defensemen went over and gave Shero a big hug. Fred looked embarrassed. Sarge, for his part, was upset. Nobody had laughed at his joke. "Can you believe it, Rats? Nobody laughed. They asked me what I thought about acupuncture, and I said I've never seen a sick porcupine." He shook his head. "I guess no one got it."

Espo walked by and peeked into one of the side waiting rooms. They were barmitzvah garish. "Jeez, these remind me of



massage parlors," he said. "This brings me back to my younger days."

And then they were summoned to line up, in numerical order, and they tried to remember their numbers, and they were introduced couple by couple, and the festivities began. Each table was graced with a Ranger, and between courses they talked, and danced, and signed autographs, and posed for pictures. Mostly they posed for

Polaroids. By the night's end they were seeing polka dots.

We finally made our way to the limo. By now it was me and Doogie and Murder. As we hit the street, a loud chorus of "Oh-la-la, Sasson" began. Doogie winced and jumped into the car. I rescued Murder from a last-minute cluster shot, and we were gone.

Almost. The two blond waifs caught Murdoch's eye. They couldn't have been more than 16 years old. He stopped the car and rolled down the window. After a minute of negotiation, there were five of us in the back seat. They were from New Jersey. They were that young and they talked like this: "So youse guys are going for the Cup dis year?" was one girl's icebreaker. Doogie just shook his head in despair.

The limo stopped at Herlihy's. Before we went in, Murder had already flagged down a Checker cab and was loading the tiny-teenies into the back seat. He gave the driver \$40 to take them home. Then he brushed off his jacket and entered his world.

MARCH 3

The latest manifestation of hockey chic took place tonight at the Roxy Roller Rink. They don't play roller hockey at the Roxy. It's a big silver-domed room, fueled by rock 'n' roll money and Studio 54 sensibility. A place to don skates and listen to disco music and stargaze. If you're lucky, you might see Mick or Andy or Brooke. If you're unlucky,



BEVERLY CUSIMANO

Thin Ice's author, High Times editor Larry Sloman, shown here with his personal bodyguard, Ranger Captain Barry Beck.

you get to roll around and around in circles, slowly burning calories.

But tonight at the Roxy you could cop real stars. The U.S. Olympic Hockey Team in all its golden glory. The Roxy was one step on a whirlwind New York postvictory

celebratory spin that included a nice green Volkswagen commercial.

They marched in wearing their familiar red, white and blue parkas. The latest names, Morrow and Wells and Harrington and Eruzione. And Herb Brooks. Brooks faded to the sidelines and watched his charges. The young stars milled around and took a few publicity shots, and after awhile they got into the swing of things, pulling on roller skates and going around and around.



BRUCE BENNETT

Don Murdoch celebrates a goal. His happiness dissipated when he was traded.

Naturally the roller bunnies followed suit. "Jesus, did you see that?" Brooks nudged me as we watched from the stands. He pointed to Cheryl Rixon, Penthouse Pet of the Year, who was skating around scantily clad. "Some of these skaters are quite good," the coach assessed.

"Where the hell did that broad go?" Brooks had an eye peeled for the Pet. She rolled around this time with an escort. Harrington and Wells had lassoed her, and each had an arm. "They got her." Brooks elbowed me. "Two of my guys got her." He beamed like a proud father.

Around midnight they introduced the guys. By this time Doog and Gresch and Murder and Bubba had shown up, out of professional courtesy. And Andy Warhol and Catherine had followed in their wake.

They finished the intros and the guys skated around with some models provided for the occasion, and by one o'clock the place had emptied a bit. So now it was the Rangers' turn. They had to coax Gresch, but soon there was Bubba, immense in a Chocolate Haagen-Dazs Ice Cream T-shirt, and Doog in his royal purple Oren and Aretsky warm-up jacket, and Mud, likewise, skating backward and boogieing and being pursued by a photographer on wheels.

Andy and Catherine were on wood now, and Andy grabbed Doog's hand. They went around a few times, *pas de deux*. But tomor-

row was practice, so soon they filtered off and got changed. Andy and Catherine were at the door to bid adieu.

"You gotta get Gresch hooked up with Catherine," Warhol pleaded with me as the defenseman headed out. "I don't know what it is, but our timing's always off with these hockey players. You gotta help us. Ratso, get us both dates with the Rangers."

"Which one do you prefer?" I asked Andy.

"Anyone for me." He smiled. "Catherine wants Gresch, but our timing seems to be off."

I told him I'd do what I could. "We gotta go ditch our dates." Andy winked and grabbed Catherine. "They're Mafia."

APRIL 4

"Check these out." We were in Barry Beck's apartment. Beck showed me some sketches of sleek-looking cars. "My friend and I are opening up a business in color Ferraris. They give me three to five thousand to put one in shows now. I got it in fourteen shows this summer."

Beck put on a record and popped open some beer. "I'm into cars, yeah. Fast cars, fast horses, fast whiskey and fast women," he drawled.

He sat down and started talking about the mental dimension to hockey. "It's a real mental game, no doubt about it. If you had to play eighty games on just physical and no emotional ability, you'd be fucked. You couldn't do it. You'd be too tired. Hell, we go from place to place, like Colorado, Winnipeg. We're not prepared for the game like we would be in Montreal or Boston. Christ, I know I'm not."

"Shero always talks about wanting the puck," I said.

"Any sport is eighty-five percent mental," Bubba said. "It's not that much physical. I've been tired, but I can still play if I'm emotionally ready for the game. I can go out and play with one hour sleep if I'm emotionally ready."

"You've been getting rapped lately in the press. They're saying you don't dominate a game like you should."

Beck smiled ironically. "I'm waiting for the play-offs. Right now we are so bored. With so much shit that's going on. Fuck. All we want to do right now if we could we'd go down to Martinique or Florida or anywhere hot for a week, just to get away from everything."

"I remember watching you against the Russians and you almost single-handedly mauled them—" I thought back to the Challenge Cup where Werblin first saw Beck play and knew that one day he'd have him in a Ranger uniform.

"Those type of games you play on emotion. Play-offs. I like that, but right now sixteen teams make the play-offs. When I talked to Reggie Jackson and he tells me, 'Sixteen games make the play-offs? What the hell are you busting your ass for eighty whole games? You can get hurt or something.' Christ, those guys play a hundred

and sixty-two games a year. No way you can get up for all those. I can't. Lot of times you get out there and say you want to do your best, but hell, your mind just doesn't do it, and when your mind don't want to, it doesn't matter what shape you're in."

"Come the play-offs, I keep telling people that you'll be a dominant force, that nobody'll go near you."

Beck shook his head. "Lot of times it's no good me even being out there. Shit, I'm just standing out there. Nobody's around me. The puck hardly even comes near me sometimes. I say to myself what the fuck am I doing out here?"

"But in the play-offs—" I began.

"That's a whole different game. The only way we'll lose in the play-offs is if we beat ourselves. We can beat any team we want to. But if we play stupid, do things we shouldn't do, make too many mistakes, make ourselves tired, get caught up ice, you beat yourselves. If we get in a tight game, no way we're gonna lose. We'll either get beat by three or four goals or not get beat at all. There's only one thing we gotta have, and that's J.D. plays the way he can, nobody's gonna beat us."

"What was with him the last few games?"

"He's tired," Beck said.

"I can't believe Gresch tells me the other day that he's playing hurt most of the year. His kneecap feels fucked up. He doesn't tell anybody, the fans get on him—"

"That's the way those fans are," Bubba said. "One minute they cheer, next minute they boo. In Colorado they didn't know if you were doing something wrong. If you lose the puck and a guy gets a breakaway and scores, they'd go 'What's going on?'"

"They loved you there," I said.

"I was a popular player. Christ, we didn't have too many guys there. I was the only one they could really write about. Everyone else was married and I was driving around in a Ferrari. I was twenty-one—"

"Beating the shit out of guys," I laughed. "I remember the preseason game last year against Vancouver where you beat the shit out of the whole team. You went wild."

"I was in a rough mood," Barry remembered. "My girlfriend and I had a spat that day, so I was in a bad mood. I fought about three guys. They couldn't stop me, I had to stop myself. It finally got to the point where I said, 'What kind of animal am I?' I felt like I was in a circus. I was upset, I never get like that. Usually it takes somebody to get me mad before I'll do anything and get crazy like that. But I went a little bananas. Christ, there was blood all over the place. I was punching some guy in the head and another guy would lip off and I would give him a backhand." Barry shook his head.

"What's it like on the ice for you? I know when I play, the weirdest little things can tick me off."

"Sometimes a guy can spear you and punch you in the back of the head and you'll think nothing of it," Beck said. "And then a guy'll come by and give you a tap on



Don Murdoch

the shin pads, and Christ, you'll have the gloves off and have an arm around the throat. You just get a little weird sometimes, it's part of being a player."

"Do you feel like the ultimate enforcer?"

"Nah," he shrugged. "I think most of the smaller guys look up to a bigger guy to do that. If I was a small guy, I'd want to make sure if I get into any trouble I had somebody."

"Gresch tells me you skate over and threaten to take guys' eyes out," I said.

"That's just part of intimidation. We need Gresch on the ice, he's a great hockey player. They don't give him enough credit, though. He's really good with the puck and he's better when guys aren't running the shit out of him. Christ, if you get run every time you get the puck, the first thing you do is give the puck away all the time, so I try to give him a little more room to maneuver in and make sure nobody takes any cheap shots at him."

"So you really do that shit, curse them out?"

"Oh yeah, you don't really have to say anything. Just let a guy know that if you're gonna run him you may as well run me too. Or anybody else on the ice."

"Did you feel a lot of pressure on you after the trade?"

"No, it didn't bother me at all," Beck said.

"When I played juniors, I got traded for five guys too. I know I can do good and I know I'll do good, so it doesn't bother me. There's no pressure on me."

"You don't feel the fans expect maybe too much?"

"They should expect something from me. Christ, I was traded for five guys. They'd be stupid not to expect something from me, but I know the way I can play."

"Have you played up to your expectations yet?"

"No, not yet." The big guy shook his head slowly. "I've just been cruising along, get-

ting used to everything. It doesn't bother me a bit. Hell, I haven't put out the way I know I can. Not because I haven't wanted to. Sometimes I just don't get into it. There's too much going on around me. This is a bad place to play hockey. There's so much going on."

"How do you combat that for the play-offs?" I asked.

"You get in the play-offs. That's when you start playing for money. Money for the other guys, not only for yourself. You make your money over the season. The play-offs you can play thirty more games and get twenty-five thousand dollars for it. That's almost half a season. But each round you go further, you're making more money for the guys that make less over the year. That's when you start caring a hell of a lot more. When you start doing the little things you didn't do before, like diving to block a slap shot."



Capt. Barry Beck modeling at a N.Y. disco party. Denis Potvin, eat your heart out!

"Does intimidation play a big factor?" I wondered. "Sometimes I see you sort of go into automatic pilot and start cruising for guys. Someone said you look like a shark in water."

Bubba smiled. "I put it on cruise control and cruise, and if any trouble happens I jump in there. Some guys can be intimidated, some guys can't. When a guy gives clean body checks, I think that's all right. I want to give him one back, but that stuff doesn't bother me. It gets me in the game more when a guy hits me 'cause then I start thinking, 'All right, I want to get into it.' If someone goes out there and leaves me alone all the time, I feel lost. 'Hey, someone come over and hit me or something. I'm out here, c'mon.' I love playing against the bigger teams. Atlanta. I like to hit Plett, Hous-



Ron Duguay, *Ranger* heartthrob, elicits a strong reaction from the fan on his left.

ton, and I want them to hit me. It gets me in the game."

"But very few guys'll go near you."

"That's why I want to put in the paper, 'Hey, will someone please hit me? Don't you guys want to hit me for a while? Not too hard, not too much.'"

"What do you think of the New York night-life scene?"

Bubba scowled. "We got bars like that in Denver. Guys pick up chicks. There are groupies out in Denver, too. It's boring."

"Does it affect the way you view women after awhile?"

"It makes you feel like a slut." He laughed. "I feel like a slut when I go into those bars where women throw themselves at you. And it's great."

"Be serious." I chastised him. "Would you want to settle down with any of those women?"

"No, of course not. Absolutely not."

"What's your dream girl?" I felt like *Interview* magazine.

"I have a dream girl. The girl I got out now in Colorado. The one you met."

"Really. Gee, I'm sorry I called her a hog." Beck got bigger before my eyes.

"Nasty. She's my dream girl. I'll settle down with her eventually. I'm only twenty-two."

"People forget that. You look older. Your hair is even intimidating." I admired his moss.

"I've been through a lot. I've been in jail, I've been in a lot of shit with the cops."

I perked up. "What for?"

"I had a whole lot of assault charges against me in Vancouver. Breaking and entering. Hell, I was a bad dude. I remember the cops got ahold of me once. They pulled me over for speeding and no registration, no nothing, and in the back of my car I had TVs, stereos, tape decks, cameras, all hot stuff. I was fighting cops to get away. I beat up a couple of them. I didn't want to

get caught."

"How'd you get involved in shit like that?"

Bubba smiled. "That's what I did. There was no reason. It wasn't like an attention-getter or anything. I wasn't bored or nothing. I just did it."

"You hung out with the wrong people," I guessed.

"No, I was the bad people." Bubba laughed. "That's what everyone else's parents were saying. 'Quit hanging around with that Beck kid.'"

"You hated your parents." I turned social worker.

"No." He shook his massive head. "There was nothing like that at all. It wasn't like my parents used to beat me up or anything."

"What did they do?"

"My father's serving fifteen to twenty and my mother's a madam in a whorehouse," Bubba straight-faced. "Seriously, my mum's a saleslady in a department store and my dad's an engineer-inspector. Middle-class family. I have two older brothers, one's a jeweler, the other's in computers. I should have been a librarian or something. I first moved away from home when I was fifteen to play hockey. It was only fifteen miles from home, but I had to live there to play, and when I was traded from there to New Westminster I was able to stay home and play. But I never went to school or nothing."

"Why?" It still didn't compute.

"'Cause I didn't want to," Beck boomed. "Hell, I was an easy rider. I was a rebel without a cause. That's what I wanted to do and I didn't want anyone telling me what to do. I wouldn't take orders."

"You were big enough not to," I observed, respectfully.

"I was never really big. I was always short and fat till last year. I was five foot seven inches last year. But I was always fighting, fighting all the time. I loved to fight. I always wanted to be a boxer. I still

think about walking down Forty-second Street and going into a gym and boxing." One day I'm gonna do it. Say I'm looking for extra money and spar a few rounds."

"What do you like about punching somebody out?"

Beck frowned. "I don't like to beat anybody up. There was a time when I used to, when I loved to hurt somebody, punch someone in the head. I got a kick out of it. I was a juvenile delinquent." He smiled impishly.

"You wouldn't get a kick out of beating on someone who was messing with you, even if you're two goals up and two minutes to go?"

"Then I'd go over and say, 'Hey, fuck off,' and bang him one. Do I get satisfaction out of it? It doesn't make me feel good."

"It's incredible how you've channeled your degenerate antisocial tendencies into a successful career," I laughed.

"I changed overnight, I think." Bubba was serious. "Hell, I was ready to be thrown in the can for a long time. I was really in trouble. And I got a lot of help. My junior coach helped out quite a bit. He knew the Supreme Justice of all B.C., which really helped. If it was anybody else, I'd still be in jail."

"You were a star too," I reminded him.

"Not right away. I was just another guy when that happened," Beck said. "I was a crook. I used to go into parking lots, jack a guy's tires up, and take 'em off. I'd break into people's homes with my buddy. We were both pretty bad apples. We've been in some brawls. Brawls in bars, stabbing guys with beer glasses, breaking glasses and stabbing 'em. This finger here—" The defenseman proffered one index finger. "I still have no feeling in this one. I got cut with a beer glass. I was an ornery young punk."

"You really settled down. You're a pacifist now," I marveled.

"I became a reborn Christian."

"Fuck you," I snapped.

"I had to change, Rats." Bubba got serious. "Or else I'd still be a laborer back in Vancouver—"

"What did your parents think of all this?" I asked.

"Oh, Christ." Bubba shook his head. "They couldn't understand what was the matter with me. My other two brothers were great kids. They didn't know what to do. My mum would cry all the time. They never took me to a shrink, but they would sit down and talk to me and I would go, 'Yah, I'll never do it again.' Christ, next day do it right again. Then my dad would take off the old belt and give me one of these here." He mimicked a whupping.

"I was into enough shit so I decided to get serious. I didn't play hockey really until my last year in juniors. Then I went to Colorado and I did good. I scored twenty-two goals my first year, and that was the first time I was really away from home and it was great. Lots of girls, and all of a sudden I was dating all these great-looking broads



Star defenseman Ron Greschner relaxing at the Lone Star Cafe in New York. In the background, Ranger goalie John Davidson tête-à-tête with his wife, Diana.

and having a great time."

"But it couldn't be the same as here," I said.

Bubba shook his head. "Not here, if I would have been a football player, though."

"You could have been," I interrupted. "Why'd you pick hockey?"

"Make more money," Beck said. "I wouldn't have been able to last as long as a linebacker. They only last about four years. Hockey you can last into your thirties. I was always a better football player."

"It had nothing to do with the love of the game?"

"No, I always loved football more than I did hockey," Barry admitted.

"You still do?"

He grimaced. "Hum, that's a tough question. I don't know. I love football. I don't hit like other hockey players. I use my upper body, like in football. I bull people the same way I did in football. I like playing hockey, but I don't love it the way I love playing football."

"Why?" I prodded.

"Cause in football you could hurt somebody," Bubba said.

APRIL 22

Out on the ice, big Bob Dailey was taking slap shot after slap shot at an empty net. The Rangers had just finished their morning practice, and the Flyers were about to begin theirs and their big defenseman was working his injured shoulder back in shape. This was it for the Rangers; a loss meant elimination in this, the second round of the play-offs.

I was sitting with Bukka. "Everybody wants to win but it comes down to the mental now," the trainer explained. He waved at

Behn Wilson as he skated by. "They can't think of the nice weather and the sun. Bubba's really sore on his left side, he's got to block that out. They got to forget that the golf courses open tomorrow. They can do it. They're hyper. If Freddie only came in tonight being spastic, yelling. I'm the only one yelling and they told me tonight to be quiet." He shook his head in bewilderment.

"A couple of our guys got the fear in them," he confided, and then he headed to the dressing room.

Talafous walked out. He was sidelined with the rib, but he still came to practice to lend support. "Barry's gotta come out and run them from the start. No one's challenging him, not even Holmgren. If he runs some guys right now, the Swedes'll be flying all night."

He tried. He tried on the first shift of the game, and it was Holmgren he had lined up against the boards, and as he started barreling toward the big wing, his skate hit a rut on the ice and he could actually feel that sickening sensation of muscle tearing internally. The groin again. His Achilles groin, the same one that had bothered him his first two months as a Ranger.

Nobody in the stands knew it, of course, because Bubba was your basic stoic. He finished out that shift, and he didn't miss a shift all night, even though they frantically bandaged him up between each period, adding tape as the pull tore further and further into his abdomen. But on the ice Bubba didn't look hurt, he looked ineffective, just like all his teammates.

The Flyers drew first blood with less than a minute to go in the first period. Bridgman raced Bubba for the puck to Davidson's right and, while the two scrapped, it lay at

their feet. Greschner, aware of Beck's injury, skated over to help out his friend, leaving Al Hill alone in front of the net. Bridgman shoved the puck over and Hill beat J.D. easily.

Philadelphia scored again in the second when Esposito lost a face-off in the Ranger end and Behn Wilson slapped a bullet past Davidson in off the post. The Rangers then seemed to wake up, but when Holmgren shot one in off Maloney, making it 3-0, their fate was sealed. Duguay's lone goal in the third period saved them from a shutout.

At the buzzer the teams went through the ritualistic handshakes, and the Rangers slowly trudged back to their room. Shero looked drawn as he met the press on a makeshift stage set up in the press room.

He talked about injuries and the Flyers not taking stupid penalties, and he complimented Clarke. The Rangers, he felt, tried hard. The Flyers shut off their game.

Later, in the trainers' room, Keating and Nykoluk and Shero were sitting around listlessly. But back in the main locker room, there was a strange lack of emotion. It was as if the Rangers had left their game and their emotions somewhere else. The only one near tears was Don Maloney.

And Bubba. He was alone in the shower. He was standing under the hot water, one hand holding the wall for support, the other holding a can of Mountain Dew. His midsection was wrapped in yards and yards of Ace bandages, supporting his ravaged groin. He looked like a warrior of antiquity.

He stood there for a while, motionless, then he crushed the can and threw it into the garbage and slowly lurched back to his stall. Frankenstein's monster. He eased himself onto the seat.

"What happened?" I asked softly.

"My skate caught and I went into the corner with Holmgren. It just caught. I just kept skating on, and it just kept ripping," he managed to say between paroxysms of pain. He pointed near his intestine. "It's up to here now." He grimaced.

Bukka came over. "Want me to tie it? Want to come home with me?" he asked solicitously.

Bubba was trying to put his underwear on, with great difficulty. Joey and I steadied him. "That's good, I got it—" he gasped. "Couple of fucking beers... Where's the doc?" He almost collapsed. We lowered him to his seat.

"Tell him to give me some painkiller," Bubba said. Bukka scurried away. Laurie Mifflin walked over. Bubba was struggling to get his pants on.

"I just caught my skate." Bubba repeated the story for her. "I couldn't skate. We wanted to go out and hit everyone hard. When I sat down on the bench, it hurt even more."

"Does it hurt now?" Mifflin asked.

Beck's features were etched in pain. "Yeah, it hurts," he grunted. "I got to go." He slowly pulled himself up and limped out to the bus. □

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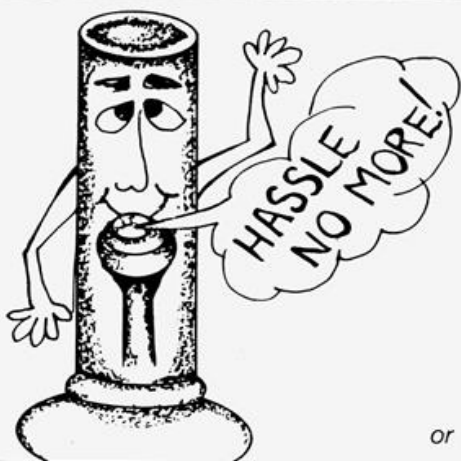
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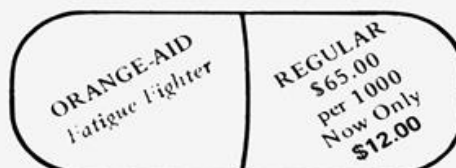
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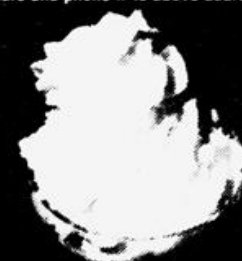
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DAVID G. BROOKS, #134-643, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

MIKE BROTHERS #16023, or MIKE SIMS #16752, P.O. Box 607, R.S.P., Carson City, NV 89702-0607.

29-year-old white male would like letters from "anyone." Anyone, please write to: MICHAEL W. EICHELBERGER, P.O. Box 607, N.S.P., Carson City, NV 89702-0607.

Will answer all letters. MEL-VIN CLARK, P.O. Box B-39911, Represa, CA 95671.

ROBERT COLE, 159-557, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

28-year-old male in prison suf-fering from an acute case of loneliness. Serious correspondence from a mature lady is the only cure. RICHARD SPEITH, 32761 Kentucky State Penitentiary, P.O. Box 128-4-19-26, Eddyville, KY 42038-0128.

PERSONALS/ NONPRISONER

To J. Edwards, Florida. Merci beaucoup!

She moved on me too soon. Keep smiling. Write again. HOWARD

Please send me back my UFO. Send a bill, thank you. RAINBOWS UNLTD., P.O. Box 250, Tenants H, ME 04860.

To DEE, Congratulations! We have been married for 3 months now! DAVID

To My Tuddie Schlub—Yes, I do LOVE YOU even with that nose, pink hair and the nudging. Love always, MRS. SCHLUB (the big girl with the thing on her nose).

Dear Long John Silver: I miss you and want you back in the holster. GUNSHY

Would like to exchange photos with people who appreciate tube socks. Reply to: L&F FOOT, Psycho Ward, Bellevue.

Dear John, If you are reading this and I know you are—I put acid in the orange juice. Gotcha back, ha-ha. SUSAN S.

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Corrine: Silence is the Drag-on's Fire.

Hey Valerie, Happy Birthday! I miss having you around. SUSAN

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Will send one crisp mint con-dition Ten Dollar Bill in exchange for 3 dirty fives. P.O. Box 19077, Oakland, CA 94619.

NADEA—Remember "Two Marbles on Mars." Reply: LITTLE FRANKIE, T.H.C., NY 10023.

Cindy—Roma—Please call DAVID

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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

TWENTY-SEVENTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES

373 FROM SAN FRANCISCO AND VANCOUVER to London and Amsterdam, innovative institutions serving youthful drug users have begun to introduce non-chemical ways of "turning on" or "getting high"—nonchemical routes to altered states of consciousness. Here are a few: sensitivity training, encounter therapy, zen buddhism, yoga, transcendental meditation, massage, hypnosis and self-hypnosis.

One youth drug center is even contemplating the introduction of a program of parachute-jumping.*

Edward Brecher, *Licit and Illicit Drugs*, 1972

*Editor's Note: This would indeed legitimize the "suicide theory" of drug taking, since in the years 1961-72 359 people died while parachute jumping. The rate in 1966 was about one fatality every 14,000 jumps.

374 FIRE AT ONE END, FOOL AT THE OTHER.
Mrs. Dickenson on tobacco

375 EPITAPH
Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier
Who caught his death by drinking small beer;
Soldiers beware from his untimely fall,
And when you're hot, drink strong or not at all!

before 1878

376 A DESIRE TO TAKE MEDICINE IS PERHAPS the great feature which distinguishes man from the other animals.
Sir William Osler

377 WASHINGTON, SEPT. 22 (AP)—Studies show that severe birth defects caused by alcohol consumed by women who are pregnant occur in as many as one in 600 babies, a Federal health official says.

Dr. Edward N. Brandt, Jr., Assistant Secretary for Health in the Department of Health and Human Services, said women who want to have a baby should stop drinking.

He said fetal alcohol syndrome could cause smaller-than-normal babies, very small head size and mental retardation.

New York Times, Sept. 23, 1982

378 PINK LEMONADE TURNS ME ON
button

379 DARREN HEARSON, A CON-MAN from Bermondsey with eight convictions for obtaining money by deception, has worked his way through the entire Street of Shame [Fleet Street, Ed.] meeting reporters from the *Standard*, *Sun*, *Mail*, *Times*, *Observer* and *Sunday Times*, collecting taxi fares, free drinks, lavish lunches and accommodation in luxury hotels.

Hearson's "revelations" invariably involved drug smuggling and Police corruption...

Private Eye, Aug. 13, 1982

380 SEX IS BETTER THAN DRUGS IF YOU CAN FIND THE RIGHT PUSHER
button, Yonge Street, Toronto, summer, 1982

381 WE WERE ALL DRUNK, AND ACINDYMUS was determined to keep sober. The fool! To us he was the fuddled man out.

Lucian (Loukianos) of Samosata in Syria, 115-180 A.D., trans. by Edwin Morgan

382 EXULTING, TREMBLING, RAGING, fainting
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting.
William Collins, 1747

383 THE SLAVES OF ALCOHOL MAY BE clothed in rags, but vassals of the monarch, who sits enthroned on the poppy are generally found dressed in purple and fine linen.

The Catholic World, New York, 1881

384 ACCORDING TO UNDERGROUND sources, an elderly farmer in the Champagne-Urbana area near the University of Illinois, has simply let a field go to marijuana.

He sits in his farmhouse with field glasses, these sources say, waiting for youths to come and pick the crop. Then he calls the police and collects an informer's fee.

New York Times, Nov. 7, 1969

385 THERE'S A METHEDRINE TO HIS madness.

386 "FOR ME," SAID SHERLOCK Holmes, "there still remains the cocaine bottle."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Sign of Four*, "The Strange Story of Jonathan Small," 1888

387 HIGHER DRINKING AGE GAINS BACKERS

Albany, NY, March 17—... Advocates of the proposal said today that recent tragic accidents involving teen-agers—including the crash this week that killed nine on Long Island—were likely to increase pressure for the change...

"My fervent hope is that a tragedy like this will make people take this problem more seriously," said Dr. Sheila Blume, director of the State Division of Alcohol and Alcohol Abuse, referring to the Long Island accident. "Everyone says these were nice kids. The idea that somehow by being nice they would be protected from drinking and driving..."

Dr. Blume concluded that raising this state's drinking age to 19 would result in a 29 percent reduction in crashes involving 18-year-old drinking drivers. That translates into 275 to 300 fewer accidents and 25 to 35 lives saved annually, she said.

New York Times, March 18, 1982

388 THE SPIRIT OF THE WORLD, THE great calm presence of the creator, comes not forth to the sorceries of opium or of wine.

Emerson, "The Poet," 1844

389 OLD EPITAPH
Beneath these stones repose the bones

Of Theodosius Grimm:
He took his beer from year to year,
And then his bier took him.

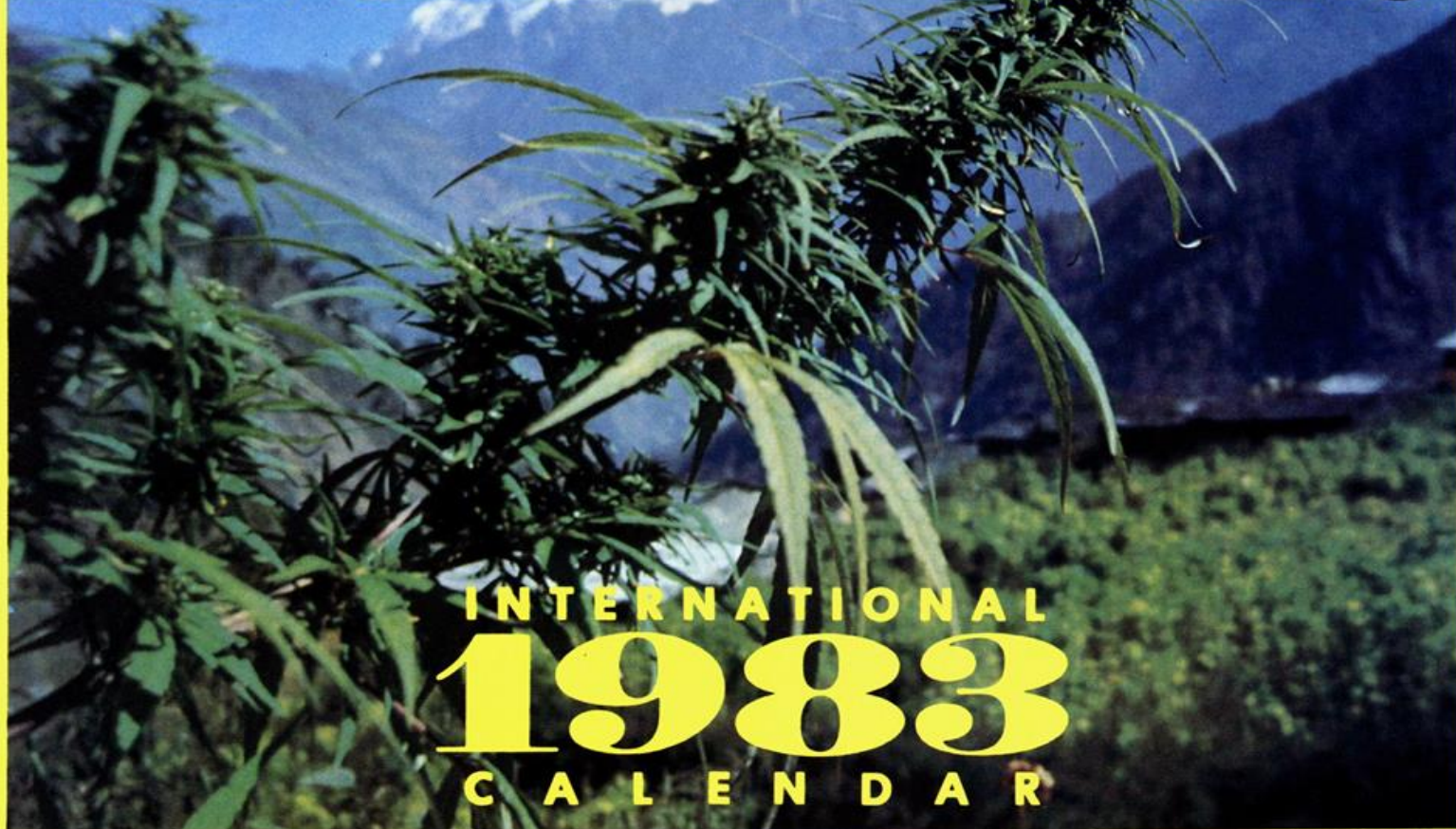
390 OPIATE, N. AN UNLOCKED DOOR in the prison of Identity. It leads into the jail yard.

Ambrose Bierce, *The Devil's Dictionary*, 1911

391 IF YOU WANT TO IMPROVE YOUR understanding, drink coffee.
Reverend Sidney Smith, c. 1810

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore, HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

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REAGANCINEMATICS

How the president's heart, soul and politics were directly shaped by his movie roles
by Michael Wilmington



MOVIE STAR NEWS

In the America of their dreams—President Reagan's minions are fond of telling us—it will once more be possible for the poor and humble to rise to greatness. And who better illustrates that shining vision than Reagan himself? From the Bijou Sleaze Pits to the Halls of the Mighty, from piss-drenched Z-Movie Palaces to the Corridors of Power, from *Bedtime for Bonzo* to *War-time for Weinberger*—Reagan has ridden the Borax 20 Mule Team to heights undreamed of—and done it with all the aplomb and ease of any other all-American crinkle-eyed, crap-shuffling country boy.

But for some reason — and even though movie "ten-best lists" spring up with the regularity of oil wells in one of James Watt's federal parks—the incredible acting career of our 40th president has been mysteriously ignored. Why? Is he any less talented than Don Ameche? Sonny Tufts? Veda Ann Borg? Vera Hruba Ralston? Percy Helton? The Great Criswell? Why this curtain of silence? Is some cabal of nuke-freezing, big-spender, radic-lib abortionist, junkie, nigger-

loving, faggoty, ERA, Commie bastards trying to keep us all from the artistic treasure trove of Reagan's film career? (We simply ask; we do not know.)

Well, attention must be paid. And therefore forthwith: the quintessence of Reagan. Not necessarily the *best* movies he was in, but the ones that throw young Mr. Reagan into the sharpest relief.

In all of these movies, beyond sheer aesthetic bliss and mental stimulation, we can see the prefiguration of his presidency, the shape of Ron to come. And, give the Reag his due. He was no Olivier, but he was no Troy Donahue either. His place in the pantheon of actors is secure: right between Nelson Eddy and Smiley Burnette. In fact, he was *every* bit as good as Don Ameche.

1. *Brother Rat* (1938; D: William Keighley. With Eddie Albert and Jane Wyman)—R.R. as one of a trio of happy-go-lucky army cadets living it up at VMI. In *Brother Rat* we can spot the seeds of President Reagan's proud vision of America's military—and his defiance of

those who would mock it.

2. *Desperate Journey* (1942; D: Raoul Walsh. With Errol Flynn and Arthur Kennedy)—Another happy-go-lucky bunch—this time downed World War II pilots—joke and laugh and carouse and brawl their way across Nazi Germany, leaving behind a trail of cold corpses and rib-tickling hilarity. A virtual primer on Reagan's concepts of history and the military, it also shows him in the kind of setting, and political system, in which he obviously feels most comfortable.

3. *Santa Fe Trail* (1940; D: Michael Curtiz. With Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland and Raymond Massey)—R.R. as the youthful General George Armstrong Custer, riding gallantly to the rescue of the Old South, and foiling the attempts of John Brown to incite a slave rebellion at Harper's Ferry. Illustrates Reagan's devotion to state's rights and his great love of all things Confederate—and the lengths to which he is willing to go to uphold them. (Also shows his

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striking resemblance, physically and philosophically, to Custer himself.)

4. *King's Row* (1942; D: Sam Wood. With Robert Cummings, Ann Sheridan, Claude Rains and Charles Coburn)—R.R.'s own favorite of all his roles: as a happy-go-lucky, dashing, but penniless, young rake, who runs afoul of a sadistic surgeon and has both his legs sawed off. The source of Reagan's favorite catch-phrase, "Where's the rest of me?" (a question that remains unanswered). *King's Row* shows the genesis of Reagan's opinions on medicaid, as well as his theories on handling the poor.

5. *This Is the Army* (1943; D: Michael Curtiz. With George Murphy, Kate Smith, Joe Louis and Irving Berlin)—As a happy-go-lucky, talented young soldier-patriot, who pours all his energies into staging an all-star revival of the World War I song-and-dance review, "Yip Yip Yaphank." Here we see, vividly demonstrated, President Reagan's concept of the proper function of the arts in America.

6. *She's Working Her Way through College* (1952; D: H. Bruce Humberstone. With Virginia Mayo)—As a nervous university professor, who aids a busty stripteaser in her belated quest for an academic career. Strongly illustrates Reagan's profound view of higher education; and his insistence on a self-reliant student body.

7. *That Hagen Girl* (1947; D: Peter Godfrey. With Shirley Temple and Rory Calhoun)—As a hapless bachelor, suspected of being Shirley Temple's illegitimate father. Forcibly develops Reagan's views on family planning, sex education and the pros and cons of abortion.

8. *Storm Warning* (1950; D: Stuart Heisler. With Ginger Rogers and Doris Day)—As one of democracy's stalwarts, heroically rescuing Ginger Rogers and Doris Day from the clutches of the Ku Klux Klan. When President Reagan refers now to his long and honorable record of battling racism and bigotry, he is referring primarily (indeed, almost exclusively) to his performance in this movie.

9. *Bedtime for Bonzo* (1951; D: Fred De Cordova. With Diana Lynn and J. Fred Muggs)—As a happy-go-lucky research scientist, who adopts an irrepressible chimpanzee. An early example of Rea-



The Winning Ticket: Ronald the president and Bozo the chimp share a tender moment.

gan's remarkable acumen in choosing his friends, associates and coworkers.

10. *Dark Victory* (1939; D: Edmund Goulding. With Bette Davis, George Brent and Humphrey Bogart)—As a happy-go-lucky, rich young wastrel, who flits about like a butterfly, while Bette Davis succumbs to blindness and death. A charming, unexpected glimpse at the "other" Reagan—Reagan as he would no doubt like to be, if time and "society" permitted.

11. *Tennessee's Partner* (Based on the Bret Harte story) (1955; D: Allan Dwan. With John Payne and Rhonda Fleming)—As an "innocent cowpoke," who forms a strange triangle with a gambling queen and her gambler-lover. Reveals one of the Reagan administration's best-kept secrets: the president's secret desire to poke cows.

12. *Hellcats of the Navy* (1957; D: Nathan Juran. With Nancy Davis [Reagan])—As a staunch World War II submarine commander who weathers mistakes, unpopularity and celibacy to zap the Japs. Demonstrates Reagan's fortitude in the face of criticism. Also offers the only historic pairing of a future president and his future first lady on screen—settling for all time the hotly debated question: Was Nancy Davis a truly great actress? Or was she—as the ungallant suggest—a sexless, chicken-necked, untalented stiff who owed her Hollywood career to her daddy's money?

13. *The Killers* (1964; D: Don Siegel. With Lee Marvin, John Cassavetes and Angie Dickinson)—As a vicious and unscrupulous gang lord, who orders the

execution of a racing driver and then is tracked down by the two hired killers. Reagan's last movie, and greatest performance. Every line, every gesture, every moment breathes conviction; he seems to stand before us, fully revealed, open and naked. Among the many highlights: the visual crystallization of his view on women's rights, in the round-house right he gives to Angie Dickinson; and the following magnificent summary of his entire philosophy of life: "I believe in larceny, but homicide is against my principles."

(And, lest we forget, there is the one film President Reagan was scheduled for, and *didn't* make. In 1941, Warner Brothers scheduled R.R. and Ann Sheridan for their screen adaptation of a potboiler play called *Everybody Comes to Rick's*—but, before you could say "Casablanca," the pair was shuffled over to a melodramatic labor exposé called *Juke Girl*, and replaced in the other movie by Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. But, who knows? Perhaps history lent a helping hand. How could President Reagan have justified playing a role where he gambles, drinks and fornicates shamelessly; shoots a duly constituted military authority; and allows an underground resistance leader to escape? And could Woody Allen have made *Play It Again, Sam*, with a Ronald Reagan look-alike? Here's looking at you, kid...

FILM NOTES

King Vidor, who died in November at age 87, was a great American director; a celebrator of the American landscape and the American physiognomy, with



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dark, disquieting streaks in his vision. He was an optimist and an idealist, who created moments of fear and tragedy that reverberated in your mind for years afterward. He was a liberal humanist and a social reformer, but one of his best-remembered films is his adaptation of Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead*—where all the villains are liberal humanists and social reformers.

He directed the most popular American movie of the '20s (*The Big Parade*), and, again, of the '40s (*Duel in the Sun*); yet he struggled all his life to make low-budget, independent films on off-beat, provocative subjects—struggled and, mostly, failed. (In fact, the piece of Vidor's direction most audiences have seen is rarely even credited to him—he did most of the "Kansas" section of the MGM-Judy Garland *Wizard of Oz* after Victor Fleming was called away to *Gone with the Wind*.)

He was a curious mixture of maverick intransigence and canny professionalism, and he was one of a handful of American directors who made great movies in two genres that seem almost mutually contradictory—the soap opera (*Stella Dallas*, *The Champ*, *Ruby Gentry*) and the Western (*Duel in the Sun*, *Northwest Passage*, *Man without a Star*). He made the pioneering all-black social drama and musical, *Hallelujah!* He also made the Bette Davis vehicle ("What a dump!"), which Edward Albee's "Martha" tries drunkenly to recall in act one of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, and the movie (*Duel in the Sun*), which obsessed balladeer Phil Ochs to the point of madness in his last years (Ochs renamed himself "Lewt Train" in honor of *Duel's* psychopathic killer, Gregory Peck). *Duel in the Sun*—a lurid, feverish, romantic nightmare—was one of Vidor's two masterpieces. The other was the 1927 *The Crowd*, with its poignant evocation of depersonalized city life, its bleak picture of urban rootlessness and despair.

But there are great moments in many of his movies. My own favorite is the climax of his 1934 portrayal of a Depression-era farm collective, *Our Daily Bread*. In this brilliant sequence, Vidor shows all the farm workers frantically working away at a complicated system of channels and sluices (the whole scene edited like *Potemkin* and surging like the climactic chords of some mighty chorale by Handel or Bach), until finally the water breaks through and pours out triumphantly, a torrent, into the great, dry grainfields.

The Dub Room Special (D-Music: Frank Zappa)—First-class piece of video—intended only for use in rock clubs, but better than most "legit" concert films—which blends classy Zappa gigs, terrific clay animation and a lot of goofing off in the studio and editing room. The musicians with Zappa include George Duke. This show is tops of its kind, and deserves wider release.

Fitzcarraldo (D-Sc: Werner Herzog. With Klaus Kinski, Claudia Cardinale)—The undertaking, at times, must have seemed as mad as Ahab's pursuit of the white whale. In the thick of the subtropical Brazilian jungles, with some actors (like Jason Robards) felled by fever, and others (like Mick Jagger) fleeing to civilization, Germany's great visionary filmmaker, Werner Herzog, struggled (with an entire Indian tribe) to push a steamboat up the side of one mountain, and down another—all to re-create the obsessive quest of another visionary, Brian Sweeney Fitzgerald ("Fitzcarraldo") to import grand opera to the Amazonian jungles. (The near-insane, Sisyphean labors of Herzog and his cast and crew, are recorded in Les Blank's new documentary *Burden of Dreams*.) *Fitzcarraldo* itself, despite the turbulence and misery of its birth, is a genuine masterpiece: a half-comic, appallingly romantic testament to the insanity of humans striving for a "greatness" only dimly perceived: the lighter side of the dark tale Herzog also told in *Aguirre: The Wrath of God*.

Brimstone and Treacle (D: Richard Loncraine. Sc: Dennis Potter. Music: Sting and the Police. With Sting, Denholm Elliott, Joan Plowright)—A glib young London psychopath insinuates himself into the household of an atheistic composer of tombstone sentiments—whose daughter lies mute and spastic, the victim of a hit-and-run driver. The psychopath is a child of the night; as he spins his web of favor-currying lies—bringing "hope" to this despairing household—his glittering eyes and sweaty hands wander over the spastic's gorgeous body; and he waits for darkness to fall...

An ingenious little comedy disguised as a horror tale, so cleverly scripted by Dennis Potter (who created the BBC cult classic, "Pennies from Heaven"), that its serious theme—the nature of good and evil, "appearance" and "reality"—slides by, not like treacle, but like honey and sugar and lapsang tea. □

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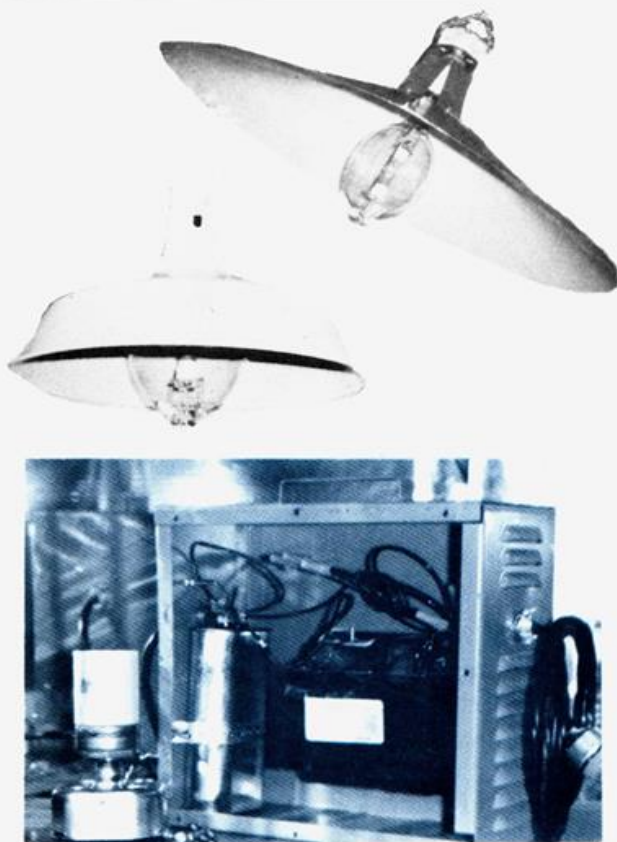
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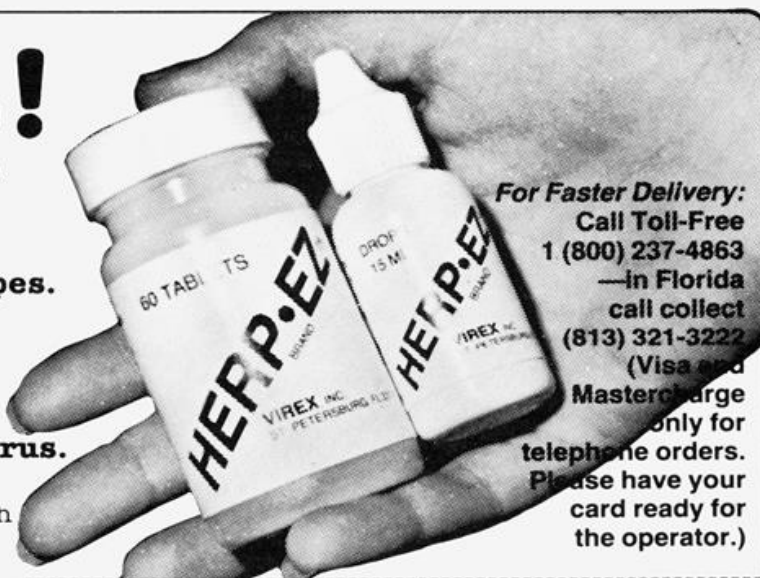
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PUB ROCK



Dave Edmunds: Devoted to playing "smelly rock 'n' roll."

On a cold, blustery night in the early 1970s, in a beat up section of London town, Dingwalls is jammed and jumping. Inside the pub the air is thick with beer-drinking ruckus, and some of the most powerful and exciting music ever to be pumped out of a mess of Fender amps. Onstage, bass player for the Brinsley Schwarz band, Nick Lowe, is singing in a mean boogie-woogie: "Hanging out at Frankie's/Everyone was stoned/The player it was playing/Something really gone..." The place is going wild, and it seems to shimmer from the crush of dancing people surging toward the stage. "Play that fast thing one more time..." Lowe yells with a smile, and the audience responds by screaming and shouting and going absolutely berserk.

Today, Lowe is one of the most important figures in rock, an accomplished songwriter, bandleader and producer. Along with other pub-rock veterans like Dave Edmunds and Ian Dury, Lowe has brought the rock 'n' roll spirit exemplified by pub rock into the '80s, providing one of the few links of continuity in the music's history.

Even when it first surfaced in the early '70s, pub rock was an important bridge to the past. Pub rock had nothing to do with what kind of clothes you wore, what your politics were, or even, in a sense, what kind of music you played. The groups identified with pub rock—Brinsley Schwarz, Dr. Feelgood, Kilburn & the High Roads, Bees Make Honey, Chili Willi and the Red Hot Peppers, the Kursall Flyers, the Flamin' Groovies, Eggs over Easy, Ace, Kokomo, Dave Edmunds, Frankie Miller—were lumped together more for what they *wouldn't* do than for any overriding similarity. There also was the sense that classic rock 'n' roll and its older relatives, country and western and rhythm and blues, still lived in the bars, in close contact and intimate exchange with an active audience. Wilko Johnson, guitarist for the legendary pub rockers Dr.

Feelgood, summed it up by saying, "I can remember back then wondering about this whole pub-rock thing, because there were no two bands alike. People would ask you, 'What is this pub-rock thing? Is it some kind of music?' But it wasn't that at all. It was just some places where people played."

The places, however, were a key, in that they were particularly conducive to a way of looking at rock 'n' roll—as a rich and varied musical form nurtured from a number of different American influences. The inspiration for virtually every pub-rock band was some kind of American music, be it country or blues, rockabilly or surf music. There were British influences as well, of course, but the important point is that these bands shared a vision of rock 'n' roll as a form culled from roadhouse bands traveling across the face of a mythic America.

In 1972 British musicians had the choice of trying to put together megahit bands like Queen, intent on building up to Zeppelin-Sabbath-style popularity, or playing the music they grew up listening to in smaller halls and clubs where people could drink and dance. There wasn't much money in playing pubs, and it involved the grind of driving every day in a cramped van to play one-shot gigs around the country, but the reward was in the music itself. It was a grass-roots rebellion

against the options left open to musicians by big-bucks rock.

Brinsley Schwarz, the band fronted by Nick Lowe, created the genre's richest legacy. Schwarz produced seven albums during the first half of the '70s that provided a stylistic touchstone for pub-rock's influences, and remain excellent listening to this day. The debut record evidences an interest in the Byrds, and country rock in general, but blends it with a swinging organ part that occasionally flashes through in the arrangement, and a fiery series of guitar solos.

The events surrounding the promotion of Brinsley Schwarz's first album, which brought the group to the brink of disaster, may well have been directly responsible for their move to pub rock.

An outfit called Famepushers, Ltd., signed the band and proceeded to mount one of the most spectacular and suicidal promotions in rock history. The climax of an obscenely lavish hype was a mass junket from England to New York City for the Brinsleys' first performance at the Fillmore East. An unprecedented number of journalists, as well as some contest-winning fans, were sent on an unlimited expense-account jaunt to the Big Apple. The journalists were openly scornful of this attempt to buy their praise (some of them didn't even go to the show), and

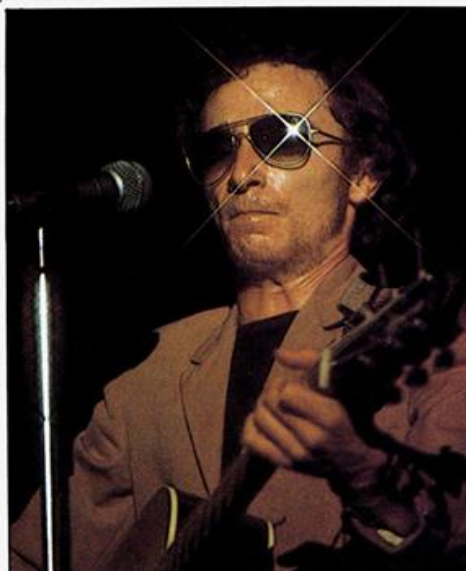
Pub rock is a loud, raucous brand of music that was perfected back in the early '70s by English bar bands playing in pubs all across the U.K. Now it's back...with a vengeance.

the group panicked and ended up performing one of their worst shows ever.

Brinsley Schwarz returned to England in disgrace. Their debut record was laughed at, the hype exploded in their faces and they were left with a debt of around \$20,000. Instead of giving up, they took matters into their own hands. Without changing their musical direction, they simply refused to cooperate with the big-bucks philosophy, sold their stacks of amplifiers for small, more portable equipment and took to playing local pubs for a few dollars each per night.

It was a move absolutely unprecedented in the boom-or-bust atmosphere of the English music industry. By scaling down their approach they began to have a lot more freedom, and developed the philosophy that formed the basis of pub rock. No more stage shows. No more tightly defined sets. It was purely play what you want to, for its own sake. "The thing is, it's not that important for a group to have its own material anymore," Nick Lowe said at the time, "because it's all been written already anyway. So we really prefer to just get into playing, and if it happens to be our numbers then that's great, but we groove on playing just about anything."

Despite It All, the band's second album, showed a much more mature and self-confident Brinsley Schwarz, with Lowe beginning to evidence the



Ex-gas pump jockey Graham Parker

rock style that would eventually become his trademark. The album opener, "Country Girl," is a clever reworking of the Byrds' version of Dylan's "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere," while the rocking "Funk Angel" is an R&B groove, featuring the Lowe voice that later shows up on his solo records.

Before making their third album, the Brinsleys added a fifth member, guitarist Ian Gomm, who brought a songwriting and singing element to the mix in addition to his guitar playing. The group's fascination with the Band led them to record their next record, *Silver Pistol*, right in the living room of the Middlesex house they all shared. All the tracks were recorded live, in emulation of the Dylan/Band Basement Tapes collaboration.

"The idea," said Gomm, "was to get more than enough songs for an album and then record it at home and select what came off best."

By the time the fourth Brinsley Schwarz album, *Nervous on the Road*, was released in 1972, pub rock was becoming a household word in England. Significantly, that record also marks a noticeable shift in the band's sound toward R&B. When they recorded *Silver Pistol*, Schwarz noted that "Everything we do pointed to recording an album at home. If we had gone into a studio to record this album, it would have been a

lie." But now the band was playing hard-edged blues, and the need for crisp studio production was apparent. As Lowe admitted about *Silver Pistol*, "We tried to create a feel, but we found we were so relaxed some of the songs didn't begin or end."

Nervous on the Road, and the following album, *Please Don't Ever Change*, were recorded at Rockfield studios in Wales, where Dave Edmunds was working very successfully on a number of projects. In the late '60s Edmunds was one of the legion of hot-licks British guitarists vying for solo space as he fronted a power trio called Love Sculpture. "Sabre Dance," that band's hit single, featured enough astonishing guitar playing to earn Edmunds a lifetime cult following. After leaving Love Sculpture, Edmunds scored a massive solo hit in 1970 with the irresistible "I Hear You Knocking," a song that established his reputation as an expert at reproducing the sound of '50s rock 'n' roll records.

After the success of "I Hear You Knocking," Edmunds concentrated all his efforts on recording at Rockfield studios, and over the next few years he produced the first Foghat album as well as records by Arthur Brown, the Flamin' Groovies, Del Shannon, Shakin' Stevens, Motorhead and Ducks Deluxe. Ducks Deluxe was the hardest rocking band to come out of the pub-rock scene, and did as much to pave the wave for punk rock and what came after as anyone—they were often referred to as punks in the British press long before the pub-rock scene they epitomized was considered passé by punk-rock scenemakers.

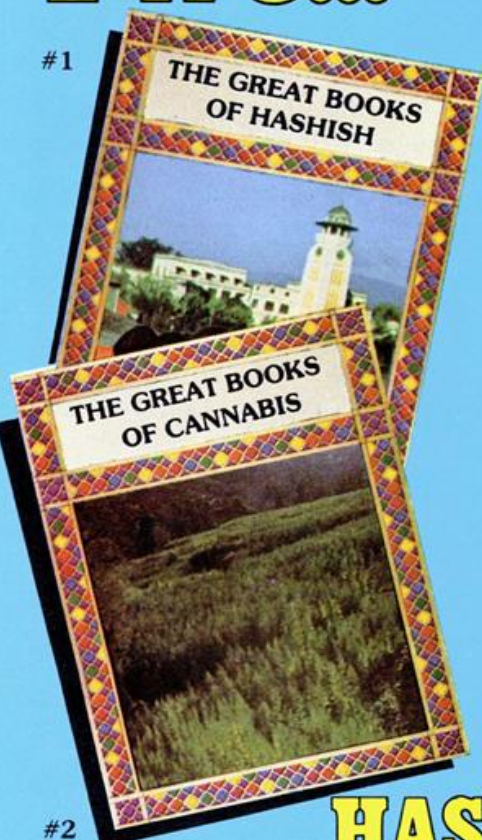
It was the first Ducks Deluxe album that had people calling the Ducks England's best band, and the evidence was indeed convincing. This band could carve rock history up into little pieces and blast it back at you with the force of a twelve gauge. The rhythm section was relentlessly disciplined in a fashion that compares favorably to the later



Nick Lowe and Dave Edmunds late of Rockpile

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precision of Rockpile, and the Martin Belmont–Sean Tyla guitar attack packed more wallop than any other duo working at the time.

Ducks Deluxe added a regular keyboardist, Andy McMasters, for the next record, *Taxi to the Terminal Zone*, and got Edmunds to produce them. Edmunds molded their sound to the shimmering pop that was becoming his trademark at Rockfield, but the band sacrificed none of its energy translating to a more melodic and sophisticated production style.

Edmunds had a reputation for recording bands who wanted a hot sound and wanted to get that commercial touch associated with the elusive hit single. It's ironic, then, that his productions of two of the best pub-rock bands, Ducks Deluxe and Brinsley Schwarz, turned out in each case to be the last albums the groups made. *The New Favorites of Brinsley Schwarz*, which, like *Taxi*, was recorded in '74, was so unlike anything the band had previously done, it could well have been made by another group. The precision of Edmunds's recording, and the instant rapport he seemed to establish with Nick Lowe, makes this record almost a dry run for their collaboration in Rockpile.

Brinsley Schwarz made a graceful exit with Edmunds's help on *New Favorites*. "People always used to come to me," Edmunds later said, "when they couldn't get the mix right. When they couldn't get any balls into it. That's how I got involved with Brinsley Schwarz. They'd done a few albums down at Rockfield and I just *knew* they were recording themselves the wrong way. They wanted to get a very natural, on-stage sort of sound with no overdubs and things. But their albums were coming out flat, with no dynamics."

In '72 Brinsley Schwarz was joined in the pub-rock hierarchy by Ducks Deluxe, Dr. Feelgood and Kilburn & the High Roads, and by '75 each of these bands had recorded. The Kilburns, one of the best-loved unsuccessful bands of all time (sold all of 3,500 records, yet were legendary), were led by the wild and witty Ian Dury. Dury was the single-most important personality to emerge from pub rock, but his band was doomed to failure from the start.

It seems that Dury was an unwilling participant in pub rock from the start.

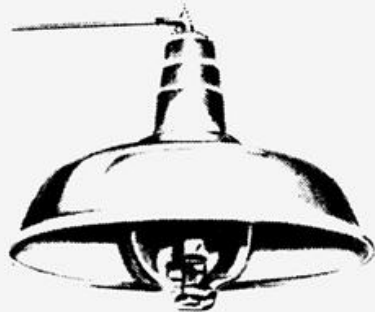
"It was Dave Robinson [then Brinsley's manager, now with Stiff Records] who put me onto it," he said. "I met him down at the Speakeasy when the Kilburns did a gig there. Dave and Nick Lowe came into the dressing room at halftime. He said, 'You should be in the pubs,' and put us in a week later at the Tally Ho. Then the Kilburns were gigging six nights a week. But we used to go onstage doing a concert—not a drunken old outing with a lot of bods being sick all over your boots. Even though we were doing three sets between half-past eight and quarter-past eleven, we still went out there as if it were the Royal Albert Hall, really coming on strong and not talking to the punters while we were playing, and not sharing a drink with them."

Dury developed a most idiosyncratic style for a front man. His left side was withered by a bout with polio when he was seven years old, an affliction that caused him to adopt a hunched-over stance as he clutched the microphone stand with his right hand to support himself as he sang. The effect was something out of Dickens, a reference that was further enhanced by Dury's humorous cockney delivery.

Without a record company or the desire to play the conventional circuit, Kilburn & the High Roads struggled bitterly. "It was hell," Dury recalls. "It was really bad. We were doing things like going to Durham for one night. Getting there at six, hanging about until one in the morning to do the gig, and going home again." Finally, after endless disappointments, the Kilburns called it quits. "I went skint," Dury admits, "and I got, like, a bit mental. Also a bit run down. You only get run down when one side of your system doesn't work properly. I was depressed because I was working too hard—one can bang one's head against a wall for a considerable period of time, as long as one thinks one's gonna bash one's head through the wall. I didn't think I was at the time."

The other great pub-rock band was Dr. Feelgood, who didn't release their first album, *Down by the Jetty*, until 1974. They were a stark, energetic blues band led by the steely, rhythmic guitar playing of Wilko Johnson, a rangy character who dressed all in black and had a

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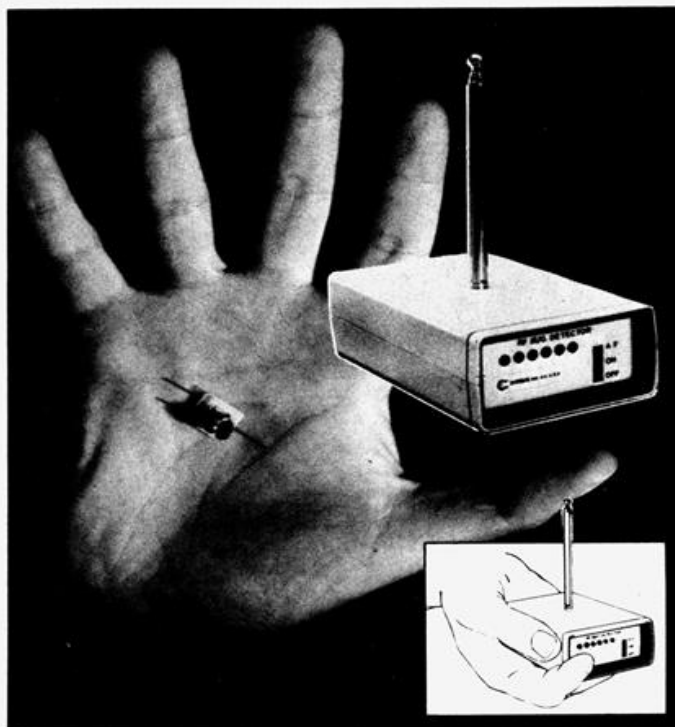
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crazy look in his eye.

Johnson's observations about guitar playing and music-for-money summed up the basic philosophy of pub rockers. "About 1968, English guitarists started barking up the wrong tree, and they're still up there. I was aware when Hendrix started, and he invented a lot of things for the guitar, but the thing he spawned through doing that, all the other people taking ideas from him, just turned into really bad guitar playing. It turned into where a band was a guitarist with other musicians, which I don't think is the guitar at all—I like to hear the guitar as part of the band."

Of course, this philosophy sounds pretty similar to what the punks claimed as their own "revolutionary" stance a short time later. Between the summers of '75 and '76, pub rock went from its high point in popularity to something akin to the plague. By '75 virtually all the pub bands that mattered had recorded, and several had become quite popular. With the medium having reached its saturation point, Malcolm McLaren started promoting the Sex Pistols in '76, the trend-hungry British press latched onto punk and dumped pub rock into the same dismal pit as the dinosaur touring groups that pub rock was created to combat.

But the distinctions between punks and pub rockers were often blurred. Despite McLaren's P.T. Barnum-style assertion that Johnny Rotten had never considered singing before joining the Sex Pistols, Rotten had often been seen frontstage at Kilburn & the High Roads gigs studying Dury's every move, and sure enough, the stage delivery he used with the Pistols owed much to Dury's style.

A new record company, Stiff, one of the spearheads of the punk movement, was financed with a loan from the Dr. Feelgood band, and released Nick Lowe's "So It Goes" as the label's first single. Lowe, in turn, produced the Damned's first album, which was officially declared by the British press as that country's first-ever punk recording. But Lowe, who'd had a trend-conscious press betray him before, was cynical enough to have a laugh on the press for their impressions of the punk "movement."

Even though Brinsley Schwarz,




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Ducks Deluxe and Kilburn & the High Roads all split by '76, the individual musicians resurfaced in other bands where they kept their musical ideals going. There was even a kind of pub-rock supergroup formed when Brinsley Schwarz and Bob Andrews from the Brinsleys joined ex-Ducks Deluxe guitarist Martin Belmont and members of Bontemps Roulet and the Kilburns to form the Rumour. They shopped around for a vocalist-front man, and when an ex-gas jockey called Graham Parker heard them, a stellar alliance was formed. "They were playing off the wood," was how Parker described the Rumour's music, likening the band to the real ale that most discriminating British drinkers prefer to the processed fizzy stuff.

By far the best band to come out of the pub-rock ashes, though, was Rockpile. "The band is formed with the idea of playing smelly rock 'n' roll in bars and pubs," Edmunds boasted, daring anybody to put him down for it. The band played a gig at the Nashville in early '77 that had the British press gasping in uncomprehending awe. After a blistering set, they were joined onstage by Graham Parker for an encore. Similar "Who are these guys?" experiences abounded in America, the most notable of which was when Keith Richard couldn't resist hitting the stage for a few tunes during shows in Toronto and New York. Meanwhile, Lowe was becoming one of the most sought-after producers in the business, cutting Graham Parker, Elvis Costello and a host of others.

After years of struggling against an overinflated rock scene, Lowe and his pals have helped bring the music back into perspective for the '80s. "In the early '70s," Lowe recalls, "I met lots of people who felt the same way as I did about the state music was in, which at the time was all Glam rock and dry ice. They put everything on a pedestal, which was absurd. Thank God that all seems to be changing now, the general public is catching on. New wave and punk have chunked the rule book right out the window. It's just people with ideas, who aren't afraid to take any risks—that's what they mean by new wave. I don't think it means you have to be eighteen with pineapple haircuts. Most of those groups, those eighteen-year-

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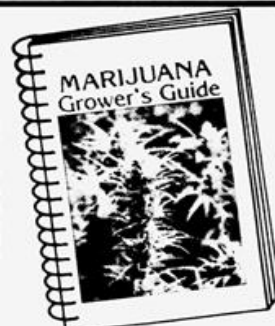
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olds with pineapple haircuts, haven't got an idea in their heads. They're just copying the Sex Pistols."

Lowe and Edmunds kept Rockpile together long enough to make a big promotional smash with the *Seconds of Pleasure* album before returning to their respective solo projects. Last year, just in time to mark the tenth anniversary of the first era of pub rock, Lowe and Edmunds released solo albums that mark a return to the no-nonsense approach that made pub rock a solid alternative to the music business fodder in the first place.

Right now in England there are signs of musical life everywhere. Wilko Johnson, the driving force behind Dr. Feelgood, has a solid blues-based band playing a combination of new and old material. His recent album, *Ice on the Motorway*, shows that he hasn't lost a thing along the way. Another veteran pub rocker in fine fettle is Mickey Jupp, who's just released a new album and has come out of semiretirement to make rare live appearances.

Pete Townshend has been touting a hot bar band called Juice on the Loose. At a recent London pub date, the band was joined onstage for a jam by veteran pop rockers Doug Sahm and Augie Meyers. In London's Islington section, Upper Street is lined with pub-rocking fans going to packed joints like the Hope and Anchor, and the Hare and Hounds. A band called the Electric Bluebirds has been in residence at the Hare and Hounds for over a year now and has built a strong following, playing American roots music from blues and country standards to covers of late '60s tunes by the Byrds and the Grateful Dead. On a Sunday at lunchtime, you can make it up to the Fishmonger's Arms in Wood Green and hear Diz and the Doormen pound out a boozy tribute to New Orleans R&B. The remains of the Fabulous Poodles, including Tony DeMeur, who's been gigging around London as a solo comedy act under the name of Ronnie Golden, have reformed under the name the Frenchies to play hard-edged blues rock in the pubs.

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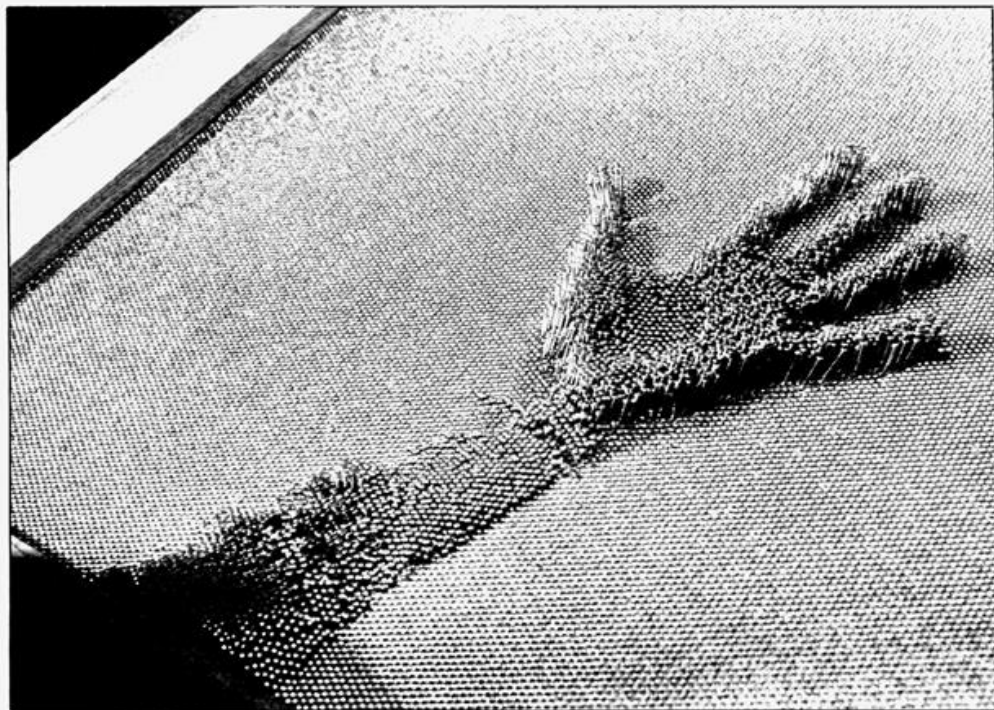
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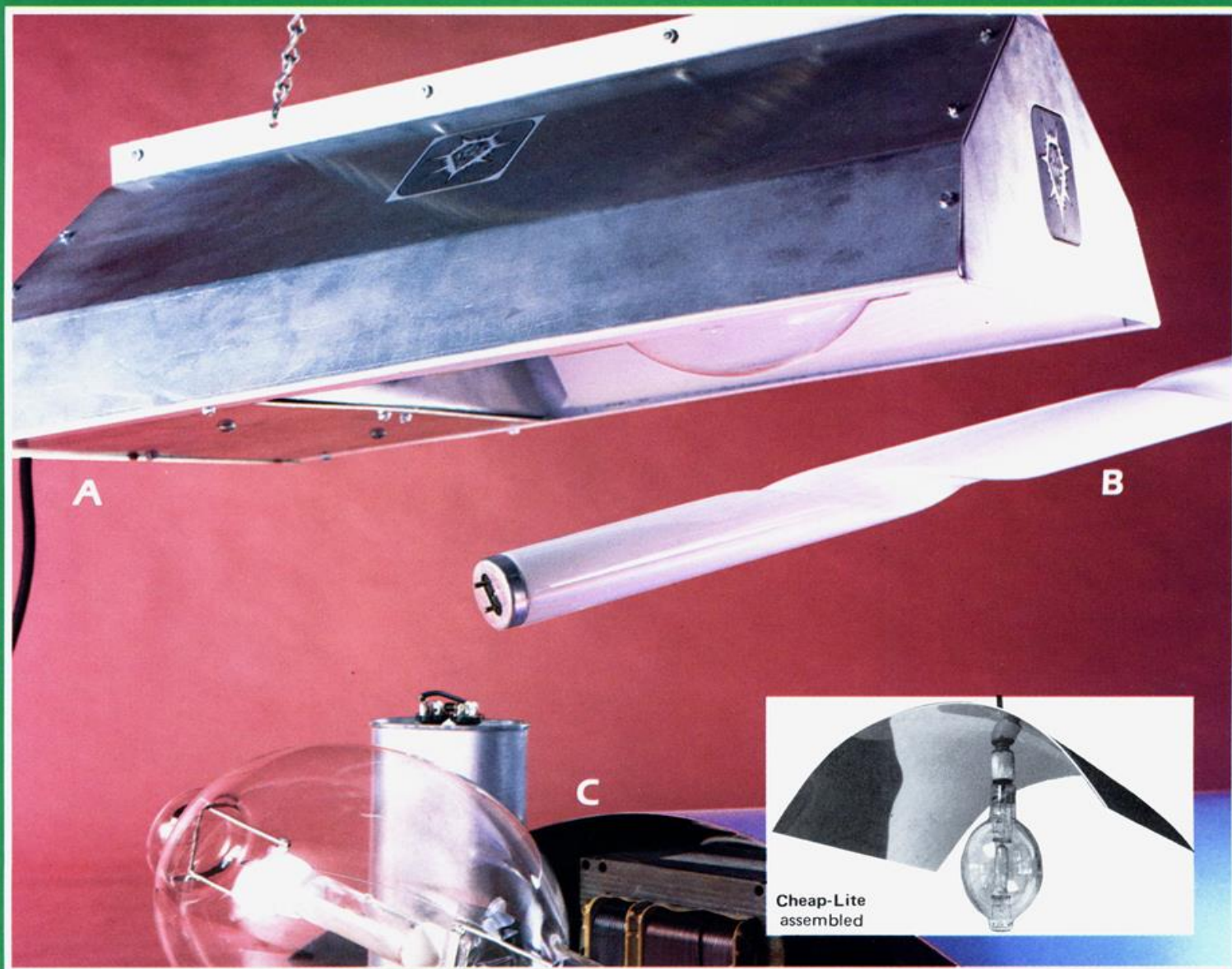
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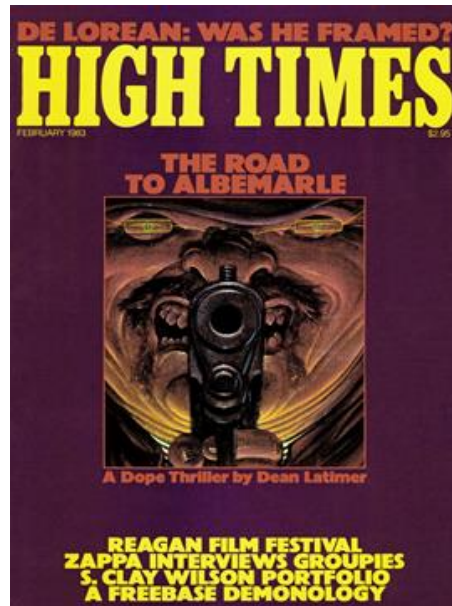
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